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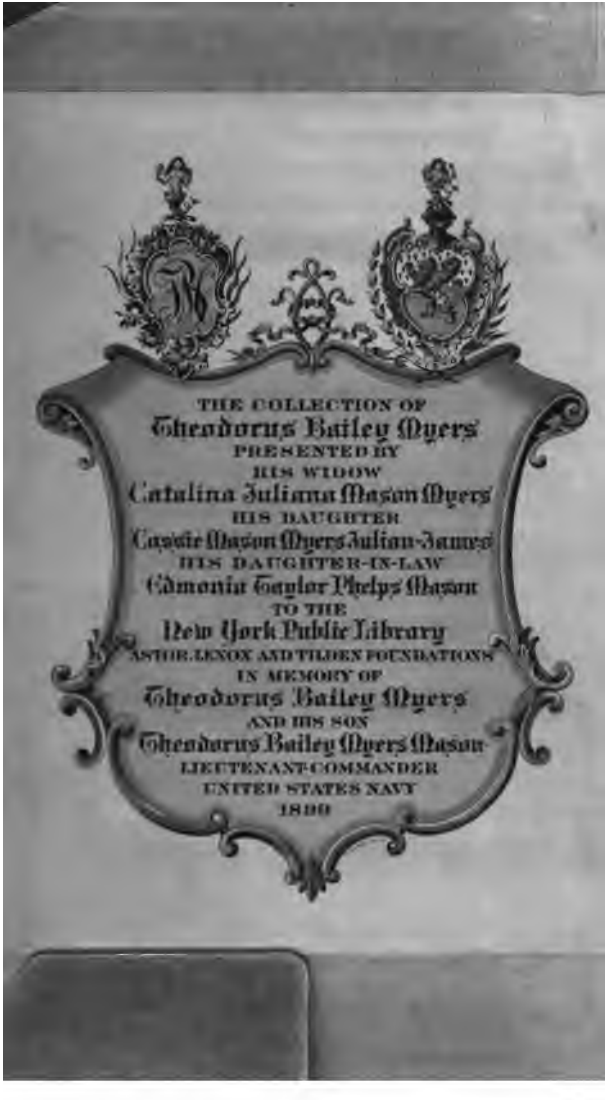
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1807.

16286

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RICHARD PLANTAGENET;

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

" THE work is done, the structure is compleat—
  " Long may this produce of my humble toil
" Un-injur'd stand, and echo long repeat,
  " Round the dear walls, *Benevolence* and MOYLE!"*

So RICHARD spake, as he survey'd
  The dwelling he had rais'd;
And, in the fullness of his heart,
  His gen'rous patron prais'd.

Him MOYLE o'erheard, whose wand'ring step
  Chance guided had that way;
The workman's mien he ey'd intent,
  Then earnest thus did say:

* Sir Thomas Moyle, Possessor of Eastwell-Place, in the county of Kent, in the year 1546, gave Richard Plantagenet (who for many years had been his chief bricklayer) a piece of ground, and permission to build himself a house thereon. The Poem opens, just when Richard is supposed to have finished this task. Eastwell-Place hath since been in the possession of *the Earls of Winchelsea.*

" My mind, I see, misgave me not,
" My doubtings now are clear,
" Thou oughtest not, in poor attire,
" Have dwelt a menial here.

" To drudgery, and servile toil,
" Thou couldst not be decreed
" By birth and blood, but thereto wrought
" By hard o'er-ruling need.

" Is it not so? That crimson glow,
" That flushes o'er thy cheek,
" And down-cast eye, true answer give,
" And thy tongue need not speak.

" Oft have I mark'd thee, when unseen
" Thou thought'st thyself by all,
" What time the workman from his task
" The ev'ning bell did call;

" Hast thou not shunn'd thy untaught mates,
" And to some secret nook,
" With drooping gait, and musing eye,
" Thy lonely step betook?

" There hath not thy attention dwelt
" Upon the letter'd page,
" Lost, as it seem'd to all beside,
" Like some sequester'd sage?

" And wouldst thou not, with eager haste,
" The precious volume hide,
" If sudden some intruder's eye
" Thy musings hath descried?

" Oft have I deem'd thou couldst explore
" The Greek and Roman page,
" And oft have yearn'd to view the theme,
" That did thy hours engage.

" But sorrow, greedy, grudging, coy,
" Esteems of mighty price
" It's treasur'd cares, and to the world
" The scantiest share denies;

" All as the Miser's heaped hoards,
" To him alone confin'd,
" They serve, at once, to soothe and pain
" The wretched owner's mind.

" Me had capricious fortune doom'd
" Thine equal in degree,
" Long, long ere now, I had desir'd
" To know thine history;

" But who their worldly honors wear
" With meekness chaste and due,
" Decline to ask, lest the request
" Should bear commandment's hue.

" Yet now thy tongue hath spoke aloud
" Thy grateful piety,
" No longer be thy story kept
" In painful secrecy.

" Give me to know thy dawn of life;
" Unfold, with simple truth,
" Not to thy master, but thy friend,
" The promise of thy youth.

" Now, late in life, 'tis time, I ween,
" To give thy labours o'er;
" Thy well-worn implements lay by,
" And drudge and toil no more.

" Here shalt thou find a quiet rest,
" For all thy days to come,
" And every comfort that may serve
" T'endear thy humble home.

" Hast thou a wish, a hope to frame,
" Beyond this neat abode?
" Is there a good, a higher bliss,
" By me may be bestow'd?

" Is there within thy aged breast
" The smallest aching void?
" Give me to know thy longings all,
" And see them all supply'd.

" All I entreat, in lieu, is this,
" Unfold, with simple truth,
" Not to thy master, but thy friend,
" The promise of thy youth."

So gen'rous MOYLE intent bespake
The long-enduring man,*
Who raised, at length, his drooping head,
And, sighing, thus began.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET
RECITETH HIS TALE.

HARD task to any, but thyself, to tell
The story of my birth and treach'rous fate,
Or paint the tumults in my breast that swell,
At recollection of my infant state!

Oft have I labour'd to forget my birth,
And check'd remembrance, when, in cruel wise,
From time's abyss she would the tale draw forth,
And place my former self before my eyes.

Yet I complain not, tho' I feel anew,
All as I speak, fell fortune's bitter spite,
Who once set affluence, grandeur, in my view,
Then churlish snatch'd them from my cheated sight.

* The time of Richard's service, at Eastwell-Place, was near *sixty years.*

And yet it may be—is—nay, must be best,
Whate'er heav'n's righteous laws for man ordain;
Weak man! who lets one sigh invade his breast,
For earthly grandeur, fugitive as vain!

Perchance contentment had not been my mate,
If in exalted life my feet had trod,
Or my hands borne, in transitory state,
The victor's truncheon, or the ruler's rod.

My curse, perchance, had been one dazzling glare
Of splendid pride, and I in vain had sought
The quiet comforts of this humble sphere,
Rest undisturb'd, and reason's tranquil thought.

But whither roam I? O! forgive, my kind,
My honour'd lord, this undesign'd delay,
Forgive, while in my new-awaken'd mind
A thousand vague ideas fondly play.

Enough!—they're flown—and now my tongue prepares,
Thou source of every good by me possest,
To pour a tale into thy wond'ring ears,
Full * three-score years close-lock'd within my breast.

* At the time of this relation, Richard is supposed to be nigh four-score years of age; but he did not become acquainted with his own story, till he was near twenty; probably, in his sixteenth or seventeenth year.

Of those care-woven, long protracted years,
Some sixteen summers pass'd obscurely on,
A stranger to the world, its hopes, and fears,
My name, birth, fortunes, to myself unknown.

Plac'd in a rural, soft, serene retreat,
With a deep-learn'd divine I held abode,
Who sought, by pious laws and conduct meet,
The way to immortality and God.

By him instructed, I attain'd the sweet,
The precious blessings that from learning flow,
He fann'd in my young breast the genial heat,
That bids th' expanding mind with ardor glow.

He taught me with delighted eye to trace
The comely beauties of the *Mantuan* page,
Enraptur'd mix with *Tully's* polish'd grace,
Or catch the flame of *Homer's* mental rage.

Nor stopt the there, Preceptor excellent,
Nor deem'd that wisdom day in books alone,
But would explain what moral virtue meant,
And bid us make our neighbour's woes our own.

Heav'n's genuine piety glist'ning in his eyes,
The sweets of charity he would instill,
And teach what blessedness of comfort lies
In universal mercy and good-will.

So taught this pious man, so thought, so did,
Squaring his actions to his tenets true;
His counsel or relief to none denied,
A gen'ral good, like heav'n's all-cheering dew!

Thus guided, thus inform'd, thus practice-drawn,
In guileless peace my spring of life was spent,
My leisure hours I sported o'er the lawn,
Nor knew what restless care or sorrow meant.

A courteous stranger, ever and anon,
My kind instructor's due reward supplied;
But still my name, my birth, alike unknown,
Wrapt in the gloom of secrecy lay hid.

One autumn-morn (the time I well recall)
That stranger drew me from my soft retreat,
And led my footsteps to a lofty hall,
Where state and splendor seem'd to hold their seat.

Thro' a long range of spacious gilded rooms
Dubious I pass'd, admiring as I went,
On the rich-woven labours of the looms,
The sculptur'd arch, or painted roof intent.

My guide, at length, withdrew; wrapt in suspense
And fear I stood, yet know not what I fear'd;
When straight to my appall'd, astounded sense,
A man of noble port and mein appear'd.

His form commanded and his visage aw'd,
My spirit sunk as he advanced nigh,
With stately step along the floor he trod,
Fix'd on my face his penetrating eye.

The dancing plumage o'er his front wav'd high,
Thick-studded ribs of gold adorn'd his vest,
In splendid folds his purple robe did ply,
And royal emblems glitter'd on his breast.

I sought to bend me, but my limbs refus'd
Their wonted office, motionless and chill;
Yet somewhat, as the figure I perus'd,
A dubious joy did in my mind instill.

While thus I cowr'd beneath his piercing eye,
He saw and strove to mitigate my fear,
Soft'ning the frown of harsh austerity
In his bold brow, which nature grafted there.

With speeches kind he cheer'd my sinking heart,
Question'd me much, and strok'd my drooping head:
Yet his whole mind he seem'd not to impart,
His looks implied more than his speeches said.

A broider'd purse, which weighty seem'd with gold,
He gave me then, and kindly press'd my hand;
And thus awhile did stay me in his hold,
And on my face did meditating stand.

His soul work'd hugely, and his bosom swell'd,
As tho' some mighty thing he yearn'd to say,
But (with indignant pride the thought repell'd)
He started, frown'd, and snatch'd himself away.

My guide return'd, and reconducted me
Tow'rd the abode of my Preceptor kind;
A man he seem'd of carriage mild and free,
To whom I thought I might unload my mind.

Without reserve I told him all that pass'd,
Striving by mine his confidence to gain;
Then my enquiries frank before him cast,
Hoping some knowledge of myself t'attain.

I ask'd what wond'rous cause, yet undescry'd,
Urg'd him his time and zeal for me t'employ;
And why that man of dignity and pride
Had deign'd his notice to a stranger boy.

Confus'd, yet undisplean'd, my guide appear'd,
Nought he divulg'd (tho' much he seem'd to know)
Save this, which he with earnest look aver'd,
"No obligation, youth, to me you owe;

"I do but what my place and duty bid,
"With me no kindred drops of blood you share,
"Yet (hard to tell!) your birth must still be hid;
"Enquire no further—honour bids, forbear."

Thus he reprov'd, yet did it with a look,
  As tho' he pitied my sensations keen;
Patient I bow'd me to his mild rebuke,
  And pledg'd obedience, with submissive mein.

He left me at my Tutor's soft abode,
  And parting, bless'd me by the *holy* cross;
My heart wax'd sad, as he re-trac'd the road,
  And seem'd to have sustain'd some mighty loss.

But soon tumultuous thoughts began give way,
  Lull'd by the voice of my Preceptor sage;
Unquiet bosoms he could well allay,
  His looks could soften, and his words assuage.

Unruly care from him was far remov'd,
  Grief's wildest murmurs at his breath would cease;
O! in his blameless life how well he prov'd
  The house of goodness is the house of peace!

Here I again enjoy'd my sweet repose,
  And taught my heart, with pious wisdom fill'd,
No more with anxious throb to seek disclose
  What stubborn fate had doom'd to lie conceal'd.

But long these fond delusions did not last,
  Some sterner pow'r my rising life controul'd,
My visionary hopes too swiftly past,
  And left my prospects, dreary, dark, and cold.

When rugged March o'er-rules the growing year,
Have we not seen the morn, with treach'rous ray,
Shine out awhile, then instant disappear,
And leave to damp and gloom the future day?

So dawn'd my fate, and so deceiv'd my heart,
Nor wean'd me from my hopes, but cruel tore;
In one unlook'd-for moment, bade me part
From all my comforts, to return no more.

My guide once more arriv'd, tho', as of late,
Of soft deportment he appear'd not now,
But wild impatience flutter'd in his gait,
And care and thought seem'd busy on his brow.

"Rise, youth," he said, "and mount this rapid steed;"
I argued not; his bidding strait was done;
Proud-crested was the beast, of warlike breed,
Arm'd at all points, with rich caparison.

We commun'd not—such heat was in our speed,
Scantly would it allow me pow'r of thought,
Till eve, deep painted with a burning red,
To * Bosworth field our panting coursers brought.

Who hath not heard of Bosworth's fatal plain,
Where base advent'rers did in compact join
'Gainst chiefs of prowess high, and noble strain,
And low'r'd the crest of York's imperial line?

* Bosworth, in Leicestershire.

Now verging on that memorable ground,
Our course we stay'd—yet we alighted not;
Fill'd with astonishment I gaz'd around,
While in my glowing breast my heart grew hot.

Thick-station'd tents, extended wide and far,
To th' utmost stretch of sight could I behold,
And banners flutt'ring in the whistling air,
And archers trimly dight, and prancers bold.

The sinking sun, with richly burnish'd glow,
Now to his western chamber made retire,
While pointed spears, quick shifting to and fro,
Seem'd all as spiral flames of hottest fire.

Promiscuous voices fill'd the floating gale,
The welkin echoed with the steed's proud neigh:
The bands oft turn'd and ey'd the western vale,
Watching the closure of departing day.

Light vanish'd now apace, and twilight grey
With speed unusual mantled all the ground,
The chieftains to their tents had ta'en their way,
And centinels thick-posted watch'd around.

As sable night advanced more and more,
The mingled voices lessen'd by degrees,
Sounding at length, as, round some craggy shore,
Decreasing murmurs of the ebbing seas.

Now tow'rd the tents awhile we journey'd on
With wary pace, then lighted on the ground,
Befriended by the stars, that shimm'ring shone,
And fires, that cast a trembling gleam around.

With hasty feet we press'd the dewy soil,
Fit answer making to each station'd guard;
When full before us, as we onward trod,
A martial form our farther progress bar'd.

He seem'd as tho' he there did listning stand,
His face deep-muffl'd in his folded cloak;
Now threw it wide, unstitch'd quick my dubious hand,
And to a neighb'ring tent his speed betook.

With glowing crimson the pavilion shone,
Reflected by the lofty taper's ray,
The polish'd armour, bright and deft to don,
Beside the royal couch in order lay.

The crown imperial glitter'd in mine eye,
With various gems magnificently grac'd,
Nigh which, as meant to guard its dignity,
A weighty curtelax unsheath'd was plac'd.

The chief unbonneted, and drew me nigh,
Wrapt in a deepen'd gloom his face appear'd
Like the dark lowrings of the clouded sky,
Ere the big-bursting tempest's voice is heard.

Revenge, impatience, all that mads the soul,
All that despair and frenzy's flame inspires,
Shewn by the tapers, in his eyes did roll,
Hot meteors they amid the lesser fires.

Tho' each dark line I could not truly scan,
Yet thro' the veil of his distemper'd mein,
Broke forth a likeness of that lofty man,
Whom, whilom, at the palace I had seen.

To quell his feelings huge he sternly try'd,
Holding strong combat with his fighting soul,
Cresting himself with more than earthly pride,
As tho' from pow'r supreme he scorn'd controul.

At length (in part subdu'd his troubled breast)
On my impatient ear these accents broke,
(I pale and trembling as th' attentive priest,
Who waits th' inspirings of his mystic oak!)

" Wonder no more why thou art hither brought,
" The secret of thy birth shall now be shewn;
" With glorious ardour be thy bosom fraught,
" For know, thou art imperial Richard's * son.

" Thy father I, who fold thee in my arms,
" Thou royal issue of Plantagenet!

* Richard the third.

" Soon as my pow'r hath quell'd these loud alarms,
" Thou shalt be known, be honour'd, and be great.

" Rise from the ground, and dry thy flowing tears,
" To nature's dues be other hours assign'd!
" Beset with foes, solicitude, and cares,
" Far other thoughts must now possess the mind.

" To-morrow, * boy, I combat for my crown,
" To shield from soil my dignity and fame:
" Presumptuous Richmond † seeks to win renown,
" And on my ruin raise his upstart name:

" He leads yon shallow renegado band,
" Strangers to war and hazardous emprize,
" And 'gainst the mighty chieftains of the land,
" Vain and unskill'd, a desp'rate conflict tries.

Yet since assurance is not giv'n to man,
" Nor can ev'n kings command th' event of war,
" Since peevish chance can foil the subtlest plan
" Of human skill, and hurl our schemes in air.

" To-morrow's sun beholds me conqueror,
" Or sees me low among the slaughter'd lie;
" Richard shall never grace a victor's car,
" But glorious win the field, or glorious die.

* This decisive battle, which terminated the contentions between the houses of Lancaster and York, was fought on Monday, August 22d, 1485. This interview, consequently, was on the preceding sabbath night.

† [illegible]y, *Earl of* Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII.

" But thou, my son, heed and obey my word;
" Seek not to mingle in the wild affray:
" Far from the winged shaft and gleaming sword,
" Patient await the issue of the day.

" North * of our camp there stands a rising mound,
" (Thy guide awaits to lead thee on the way,)
" Thence shalt thou rule the prospect wide around,
" And view each chance, each movement of the fray

" If righteous fate to me the conquest yield,
" Then shall thy noble birth to all be known;
" Then boldly seek the centre of the field,
" And midst my laurell'd bands my Son I'll own.

" But if blind chance, that seld' determines right,
" Rob me at once of empire and renown,
" Be sure thy father's eyes are clos'd in night,
" Life were disgrace when chance had reft my crown.

" No means are left thee then, but instant flight,
" In dark concealment must thou veil thy head;

* The encampment and action were three miles distant from the town of Bosworth, and the place obtained the name of Bosworth Field, from that memorable battle. Camden, in his account of Leicestershire, says, " The exact place is frequently more and more discovered by pieces of armour, weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, digged up; and especially a great many arrow heads were found there, of a long, large *and big proportion*, far greater than any now in use."

" On Richard's friends their fellest rage and spite
" His foes will wreak, and fear ev'n Richard dead.

" Begone, my son! This one embrace! Away!
" Some short reflections claims this awful night:
" Ere from the east peep forth the glimm'ring day,
" My knights attend to arm me for the fight."

Once more I knelt, he clasp'd my lifted hands,
Bless'd me, and seem'd to check a struggling tear;
Then led me forth to follow his commands,
O'erwhelm'd with tenderest grief, suspense, and fear.

What need of more? Who knows not the event
Of that dread day, that * desp'rate foughten field,
Where, with his wond'rous deeds and prowess spent,
By numbers overpow'r'd, my sire was kill'd?

A son no more, what course was left to tread,
To whom apply, or whither should I wend?
Back to my Tutor's roof, by instinct led,
My orphan footsteps did I pensive bend.

O'er-ruling fate against my wishes wrought;
The pious man, snatch'd from this frail abode,
Had found the blessing he so long had sought,
The way to immortality and God.

* The whole continuance of this action is said to have been but two hours, during which, the king's personal bravery was *astonishingly great.*

With flowing eyes I left the sacred door,
And with relying heart to heav'n did bend;
To God my supplication did I pour,
To God, the mourner's best and surest friend.

That he would guide me to some soft retreat,
Where daily toil my daily bread might earn,
Where pious peace might soothe ambition's heat,
And my taught heart sublimer ardour learn.

He heard me—All I ask'd in thee was lent,
Thou lib'ral proxy of my gracious God!
Thou paid'st my industry with rich content,
And giv'st my weary age this soft abode.*

* Richard Plantagenet died in December, 1550 (the fourth year of Edward the sixth's reign) aged, 81, consequently he enjoyed his little comfortable retreat barely four years.

The following is still to be found in the old register of the parish of Eastwell.

" Richard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of December, 1550."

This last piece of intelligence was transmitted to the Editor by a very sensible and worthy clergyman now living, who kindly went from Wye to Eastwell, to collect as many circumstances as he could, to confirm the authenticity of this singular story. To the transcript of the register he subjoined as follows:

" It is observable that in the old register there is prefixed to the name of every person of noble blood such a mark as this, \. At the name of Richard Plantagenet there

The work is done, the structure is compleat——.
Long may the produce of my humble toil
Un-injur'd stand! and echo long repeat,
Round the dear walls Benevolence and Moyle!

T. HULL.

is the same mark, (and it is the first that is so distinguished) only with this difference, that there is a line run across it, thus, .

" There is is still remaining in Eastwell-Park the ruin of a building, which, they say, was his house; and a well near it, which, to this day, is called Plantagenet's well.

" There is also a tomb in the wall of Eastwell Church, under which he is said to be buried, but it appears to me of much older date."

The Editor of this poem holds it incumbent on him to return grateful thanks to the gentleman who sent him these curious particulars, for the trouble he took, and the politeness of his letter; the whole of which he should be proud to make publick, together with the name, could he presume such a liberty to be warrantable.

The Editor conjectures the line, which is mentioned to run across the mark of nobility, to be what is stiled in heraldry, *the bar of bastardy.*

THE characters in the following tale are not rendered conspicuous by the splendor of riches, or the empty glare of honorary titles.— The Author is hopeful the story he has told is not altogether unnatural; because, though has taken the liberty of placing in the last century several incidents which happened in the present age, yet the sorrows which compose the life of the hermit, are such as himself has once witnessed; for the birth of Morar, and the death of his parents, are almost literally copied from his own life, and the incident of Maria's death is taken from a very affecting scene of which he was an witness: so that the circumstance of Morar's becoming a hermit, and the discovery made at the end of the poem, are the only imaginary incidents in the second part of it; and for these the author can offer no apology.

THE CAVE OF MORAR

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART FIRST.

" HERE, Emma, in this lonely grot,
" Thy wearied limbs awhile repose;
" I go to meet yon warlike Scot,
" Whose threat'ning horn so loudly blows.

" Here rest with Morar in his cell,
" Where wild ambition ne'er annoys;
" For here content and virtue dwell,
" Far from the world's tumultuous joys.

" Behold he comes from yonder rock,
" I see him wending o'er the plain,
" Where the blythe shepherd feeds his flock,
" And sweetly pours his artless strain.

" His rev'rend age will guard thy charms,
" With pleasing tales he'll soothe thy ear,
" Whilst, 'mid the battle's loud alarms,
" I boldly push my conqu'ring spear.

" See in yon vale my troops await,
" Keen for the field, a chosen band,
" Who ne'er will seek a base retreat
" While foes invade their native land.

" Aided by them, I'll soon return,
" With conquest and with glory crown'd;
" Then why these tears? why dost thou mourn?
" Why dost thou dread the trumpet's sound?

" Such sounds as these exalt the soul,
" And fit my warriors for the field;
" Then smile, my love, thy fears controul,
" The bold intruders soon shall yield."

" Go, Edgar, go," fair Emma cried,
" I know the valour of thy arm;
" Go check yon haughty Scotsman's pride,
" Whose trumpets give the loud alarm.

" I know you never fear'd a foe,
" I know you never su'd for peace;
" Then bravely strike the 'vengeful blow,
" And let these bold incursions cease.—

" Yet whilst thou'rt absent, should a sigh
" From Emma's anxious bosom steal,
" Or should a tear fall from my eye,
" And tell too plainly what I feel:

" Can I that sigh, that tear controul?—
" Affection prompts that tear to fall,
" And grateful love, which fills my soul,
" Inspires that sigh, and sweetens all."

She spoke, brave Edgar seized his spear,
And quickly join'd the troops below,
Who march'd along, devoid of fear,
To meet the fast-advancing foe.

With placid smile and sober pace,
At length old Morar reach'd his cell;
Tho' melancholy mark'd his face,
His breast no boist'rous passions swell.

When beauteous Emma caught his eye,
What soft emotions fill'd his breast!
He sympathis'd in every sigh,
And thus the lovely fair addrest:

" Fair virgin, whither dost thou stray,
" Along this unfrequented road;
" For scarce a pilgrim turns this way
" To visit me or my abode?

" And what was he I lately saw,
" Who march'd so swiftly o'er the green,
" With manly looks, commanding awe,
" With stately port, and graceful mein?"—

" Hermit," she said, " that gallant youth
" Is Edgar, fam'd for martial deeds,
" Whose bosom glows with love of truth,
" Whose friendly heart with pity bleeds.

" Wilt thou attend while I impart
" By what strange means he gain'd my love,
" And how he won my grateful heart
" Amid the shades of Maresham's grove.

" The tale to me is wond'rous dear,
" It brings my joys again to view"—
The hermit bow'd, well pleas'd to hear,
And bid the maid her tale pursue.

" One day," she said, " I stray'd along
" The flow'ry banks of Rona's flood,
" Intent to hear the linnet's song,
" That echo'd from a neighbouring wood.

" The chearful shepherd tun'd his reed,
" The sportive flocks rejoic'd around,
" And from the flower-bespangl'd mead
" Issu'd at once the pleasing sound.

" Each rural object sweetly smil'd,
" All nature wore the face of joy,
" And long I roam'd 'mid prospects wild,
" Where strangers us'd not to annoy.

" But Ratcliffe's son, who long had tried
" To gain my youthful heart in vain,
" Swift from the mountain's summit hied,
" And met me on the lonely plain.

" He warmly press'd me to be kind,
" He told me many an artful tale,
" By which he meant to taint my mind,
" But all his arts could not prevail.

" At last he caught me in his arms,
" And, struggling, strove to crown his flame—
" My cries proclaim'd my just alarms,
" And Edgar to my rescue came.

" He heard my voice, he curs'd the swain,
" In my defence his sword he drew;
" But Edgar drew his sword in vain,
" For o'er the plains base Ratcliffe flew.—

" Yet Edgar swore he'd check his pride,
" He swore he'd have a just revenge,
" And oft wou'd watch on Noreham's side,
" Where worthless Ratcliffe us'd to range.

" And swore, if e'er he met the youth,
" His base, his treacherous heart should feel
" The safe-guard of the soldier's truth,
" The point of his avenging steel.—

" I thank'd him for his friendly aid,
" I lov'd him for his dauntless soul;
" For while we stray'd beneath the shade,
" A tender sigh had often stole.

" To Maresham's hall we bent our way,
" Where oft my honour'd sire resorts,
" In calm content to pass the day,
" Or share the huntsman's manly sports.

" Edgar, at his request remain'd
" Three summer's days in Maresham's vales;
" By feats of arms my sire he gain'd,
" He won me by his artless tales.

" My father bless'd the rising flame,
" At Hymen's shrine he join'd our hands;
" And told the youth he then might claim
" His wealth, his far extended lands.

" But Edgar, with expressive smile,
" Refus'd the gift my sire design'd;
" Be mine," he said, " the warrior's spoil,
" Be mine the joy thy foes to bind.

" When the rough Scots, with lawless might,
" Victorious often, threat the brave,
" In thy defence let Edgar fight,
" A higher boon he ne'er shall crave.

" My father granted his request,
" He prais'd him for his matchless zeal,
" And warmly press'd him to his breast,
" When he remov'd from Maresham's vale.

" Now in yon plain he meets the foe,
" I hear the battle's dreadful sound,
" Hark! hark! the conqu'ring trumpets blow,
" Edgar with glory now is crown'd.

" Watch him, ye powers who rule above,
" Shield him from all impending harms;
" Hear, hear the fervent prayers of love,
" And bring him safe to Emma's arms."—

" No, Emma, no, he'll ne'er return,"
(With fault'ring voice, a pilgrim said)
" Unhappy fair, well may'st thou mourn,
" For Edgar lies among the dead.

" Deserted by his friends he fell,
" And left with me this dread command,
" Go, pilgrim, go to Morar's cell,
" And give this sword to Emma's hand.

" Tell her, when pale distress shall seize,
" When she demands relief in vain,
" This trusty blade will give her ease,
" And quickly banish all her pain."

" Give me the sword," she wildly said,
" What comes from Edgar must be dear;
" Now let me try the trusty blade,
" I feel distress, but know not fear."—

She spoke, she lifted up the steel,
In vain old Morar caught her hand:
" Forbear," she cried, " the pains I feel
" From Edgar's sword relief demand."

With dread intent she rais'd her arm,
But Edgar's self restrain'd the blow;
" My love," he cried, " what fears alarm?
" I've overcome the boastful foe."

Her lips grew pale, she wildly gaz'd,
And lifeless dropp'd upon the ground;
But soon again her head she rais'd,
Heav'd a deep sigh, and look'd around.

" And art thou still alive!" she said,
" Do I still press thee to my breast?
" Or art thou an illusive shade,
" Come to disturb my promis'd rest?

" A pilgrim told me thou wert slain,
" Deserted by thy faithless bands;
" He said he left thee on the plain,
" And brought from thee these dread commands:

" When pale distress shall Emma seize,
" When she demands relief in vain,
" This trusty blade will give her ease,
" And quickly banish all her pain."

" What wretch!" he cried, " with lying tongue
" Told thee my brave associates fled?
" For boldly they oppos'd the strong,
" And Scotland's choicest warriors bled.

" Where is the wretch who told my love
" I fell inglorious in the field?
" On him this faithful arm shall prove,
" That Edgar never stoop'd to yield."—

Indignant, thus brave Edgar spoke,
And cast his fiery eyes around,
When he beheld, behind a rock,
The pilgrim stretch'd upon the ground.

His bosom glow'd with ruthless ire,
For boist'rous passions rule the brave;
He seiz'd the wretch, whose mean attire,
From threat'ned vengeance could not save.

He plung'd a dagger in his breast,
" Let this," he cried, " my rage suffice."
When lo! the pilgrim shone confest
Old Ratcliffe's son in base disguise.—

" Edgar," he said, " 'twas justly done,
" For long, too long, I've envied thee,
" Because that matchless maid you won,
" And gain'd her heart, who slighted me.

" A spy inform'd me, that to-day
" You went to meet the warlike Scot,
" And left that helpless fair, to stay
" Till you return'd, at Morar's grot.

" To Morar's grot I swiftly came,
" For base-born passions fill'd my mind;
" But Morar's presence check'd my aim,
" And stopp'd the crime I first design'd.

" Then, full of guile, I told the tale,
" Which cred'lous Emma soon believ'd;
" With joy I saw my arts prevail,
" And smil'd while Emma was deceiv'd.

" But you restrain'd the fatal blow,
" And on my head thy vengeance fell;
" Edgar, tho' long I've liv'd thy foe,
" My parting breath bids thee farewell."——

He spake; he died;—old Morar turn'd
Where beauteous Emma hung her head:
" In death, he said, be Ratcliffe mourn'd,
" For vengeance ne'er pursues the dead.

" Unseen in some sequester'd grot,
" With decent rites his corse we'll lay,
" Where all his crimes shall be forgot,
" And soon become oblivion's prey.

" But see the sober shades of eve
" In clouds on clouds their glooms unite;
" Say, may an humble hermit crave,
" You'd pass with him th' approaching night?

" The hermit's food shall be your fare,
" Fresh herbs collected from the green,
" And oft, to banish gloomy care,
" Some pleasing tale shall intervene.

" Perhaps the tale of Morar's woes
" May force the friendly tear to swell,
" Morar, who long has sought repose
" In the poor hermit's chearless cell.

" When morning dawns, you may proceed
" Where liberal fortune casts your lot."
Consenting Edgar bow'd his head,
And led fair Emma to the grot.

PART SECOND.

Now, when the simple feast was o'er,
Contentment smil'd around the board,
And fresh from nature's bounteous store,
The sage the crystal bev'rage pour'd.

His guests enjoyed the rustic cheer,
Nor were their kindest thanks forgot,
Till beauteous Emma begg'd to hear
the mournful tale of Morar's lot.

" My friends," he said, " though rude my voice,
" And most unfit to touch the heart,
" With tales wrapt up in quaint disguise,
" Where modest nature yields to art:

" Yet if a story, sad though true,
" If real grief, which oft I've shar'd,
" Can claim a tear as justly due,
" You'll weep when Morar's woes are heard.

" Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
" Whose honest heart ne'er felt a care,
" Till artless love, with pleasing pain,
" Told him that Anna's face was fair;

" Told him that virtue fill'd her mind,
" And heighten'd all her youthful charms:
" Told him, perhaps she'd soon prove kind,
" And bade him woo her to his arms.

" His suit was heard, she bless'd his flame,
" They soon were join'd in wedlock's bands;
" And from these parents Morar came,
" Morar who now your ear demands.—

" Sweet flow'd their hours replete with joy;
" Such was their virtue, such their love,
" That envy's self durst not annoy,
" Nor scandal's tongue their lives reprove.

" I was the object of their care;
" For soon they strove to warm my breast
" With virtue's flame, by fixing there
" Precepts the noblest and the best.

" With what success their toils were crown'd
" It is not fit for me to boast,
" Suffice it that they sometimes own'd
" Their fond endeavours were not lost.—

" One fatal morn,—forgive this tear,
" For sad remembrance bids it fall,
" Nor think, though now a hermit here,
" Such scenes I calmly can recall;

" One fatal morn, serene and gay,
" When summer's beauties charm'd the eye,
" My hapless sire resolv'd to stray
" To a small rural village nigh.

" Anna, he said, farewell a while,
" Be joyful till we meet again;
" It chears my heart to see thee smile.
" Then smile, nor let me ask in vain.—

" My friends expect me, I must go,
" But I'll return before 'tis night:
" Farewell, let pleasures round thee flow"—
" He spoke, and vanish'd from her sight.—

" With jocund tales he chear'd his friends,
" His friends were pleas'd, they laugh'd around;
" But soon each earthly pleasure ends,
" Nor are our joys substantial found.

" For near, too near a towering pile,
" By some unskilful artist rear'd,
" My father stood with chearful smile,
" It shook; it fell; he disappear'd.

" Ere long his bleeding corse was found,
" Each remedy was soon applied,
" But ah, in vain, the fatal wound
" The feeble power of art defied.

" Let those whose tender hearts can share
" The sorrows which th' afflicted feel,
" Let those express my mother's care,
" And all her dreadful thoughts reveal;

" When for that husband, ever gay,
" Who, smiling, left her in the morn,
" His corse mov'd slowly on the way,
" By a few weeping friends upborne,

" Despair and anguish fill'd her soul;
" Her words were wild and full of woe,
" And many a sigh unbidden stole,
" And many a tear began to flow.

" Long, long beneath oppressive grief,
" Chearless she pass'd the lonely hour,
" Nor vainly hop'd to find relief,
" Nor sought sweet consolation's pow'r.

" I too forgot my joys a while,
" And, weeping, saw my father's bier;
" But trifling pleasures soon beguile,
" And soon dry up the childish tear.

" Yet pale misfortune mark'd my lot
" With other griefs, with other woes,
" Which drove me to this silent grot,
" Where I at last enjoy repose.

For soon as youth, with boastful glee,
" Begun his gay aspiring reign,
('Twas mad ambition prompted me)
" I rashly left the peaceful plain.

Amid the city's pompous noise,
" A while I join'd the bustling ring,
But soon I found these wish'd-for joys
" To me but few delights could bring.

I straight resolv'd to quit the town,
" I sigh'd to tread the flowery dale,
Nor vainly hop'd to gain renown,
" Where basest arts alone prevail.

Farewell, I said, ye giddy scenes,
" Where vice with artifice is join'd,
Where, leagu'd with folly, falsehood reigns,
" And baneful flattery taints the mind.

A long farewell, I'll ne'er return,
" To rural scenes I'll bend my way,
Where honest breasts with candour burn,
" And virtue shines with purest ray.

A weeping parent claims my care,
" To her with open arms I'll fly,
In all her griefs I'll fondly share,
" And *wipe the* torrent from her eye."—

" Such were my hopes, but ah! how vain
" The hopes which mortals often rear!
" For soon I reach'd the wish'd-for plain,
" And met, alas! my mother's bier.

" To the lone grave her head I bore,
" And as I laid her in the clay,
" I felt a pang unknown before,
" For there my father's ashes lay.

" 'Twas sad indeed, his bones I saw,
" I fondly grasp'd them in these hands,
" I grasp'd, and felt that sacred awe,
" Which ev'ry form of death demands.

" My brothers then beside me stood,
" I saw them, and I heav'd a sigh,
" My sisters came in mournful mood,
" I wip'd the tear that fill'd my eye.—

" In vain each friend assiduous strove
" My plaintive murmurs to controul,
" In vain they struggl'd to remove
" The griefs which harbour'd in my soul.

" In vain compassion lent her aid,
" In vain she try'd each soothing art,
" Ev'n reason's self in vain essay'd
" *To banish* woe from Morar's heart.

" But time, at last, to wonted ease
" Restor'd my long-afflicted mind;
" Again I felt internal peace,
" Again in festive mirth I join'd.

" I mingl'd with the rural ring,
" Who gaily tript along the plain,
" With sprightly notes I touch'd the string,
" And all the virgins prais'd the strain.

" Yet oft the sigh of sorrow stole,
" When faithful mem'ry brought to view
" The griefs which lately fill'd my soul;
" Sad scenes, which fancy often drew.—

" While thus I join'd the mirthful throng,
" Whose artless breasts no cares alarm,
" Maria chiefly claim'd my song;
" She who could boast each matchless charm.

" Fair was the maid, and sweet her air,
" With virtue's flame her breast was fir'd,
" Where'er she came, she banish'd care,
" Save that alone which love inspir'd.

" With ev'ry art the shepherds strove
" The smiles of such a nymph to gain,
" But Morar only shar'd her love,
" Morar alone su'd not in vain.

" For oft, beneath the woodland's gloom,
" With her in converse sweet I've stray'd,
" Or thro' the meads, whose vernal bloom
" Gay nature's fairest scenes display'd.

" Encourag'd thus, I bade her name
" The blissful day when we should join,
" To crown our long-expecting flame;
" And bend at Hymen's holy shrine.

" The day was nam'd, her sire agreed,
" At Hymen's shrine we bent the knee,
" While ev'ry youth that trod the mead,
" Approv'd my choice, or envy'd me.

" The highest pleasure now I found,
" I tasted each exalted joy,
" And soon my fairest hopes were crown'd
" With a sweet-smiling, lovely boy.

" Maria then with transport smil'd,
" And oft her sire a wish exprest,
" That he might see his daughter's child,
" And press her offspring to his breast.

" His wish was heard, my love complied,
" And to her father fondly bore
" The smiling object of her pride,
" His grandsire's blessing to implore.

" The holy hermit's dress I chose,
" And oft I roam thro' yonder wood;
" For well this garb becomes my woes,
" These shades befriend a serious mood.—

" Such is the life which I have liv'd;
" My fate indeed has been severe;
" I've grasp'd at bliss, and been deceiv'd,
" I've nourish'd hope, and found despair.

" But now these varying scenes are o'er,
" Content and I together dwell,
" While health sits smiling at my door,
" And virtue's self protects my cell.

" One anxious wish intrudes alone,
" And need I tell you what it is?
" I wish to see my darling son,
" And then I'll die in perfect bliss.

" But ah! that wish I'll ne'er obtain,
" I've sought him at his guardian's hands,
" I've sought him, but I sought in vain,
" The youth has fled to other lands.

" Now bow'd with age, I soon must fall,
" Nor shall my Edwin see his sire,
" Tho' mine and Alford's wishes all,
" Oft, oft from heav'n that boon require."—

" He sees you now!" brave Edgar cried,
" I am the son you've sought so long;
" For Alford's care my wants supplied,
" When first I join'd the youthful throng.

" From him I learn'd the arts of peace,
" He shew'd me nature's rural charms,
" But I despis'd a life of ease,
" And sought the fame acquir'd by arms.

" I left his cot, I chang'd my name,
" I fought to save my native land,
" At last fair Emma bless'd my flame,
" And crown'd my wishes with her hand."

With wild surprise, the hermit heard,
And thus to heav'n address'd a pray'r:—
" Yes, yes, ye pow'rs, ye will reward
" The man who triumphs over care.

" I thank you for my sorrows past,
" I thank you for my present joy,
" And while my days of trial last,
" Let me my voice in praise employ."

Then in his arms he fondly press'd
The happy pair he lov'd so well,
While many a tender look express'd
That heart-felt joy which none can tell.

AN

EXACT AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL

HISTORY

OF THE

BATTLE OF FLODDON.

IN VERSE.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN WHICH ARE RELATED MANY PARTICULAR FACTS NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE ENGLISH HISTORY.

PUBLISHED FROM A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN ASKEW, OF PALINS-BURN, IN NORTHUMBERLAND, ESQ. WITH NOTES,

BY ROBERT LAMBE,

VICAR OF NORHAM UPON TWEED.

LUCIAN DE RAT. CONSCRIB. HIST.

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS INSCRIBED TO

JOHN ASKEW OF PALINS-BURN, ESQ.

AS A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE

FOR THE FRIENDSHIP WHICH

HE HATH SHOWN

TO

THE EDITOR.

NORHAM, JAN. 30, 1773.

THE

BATTLE OF FLODDON.

PART 1. FIT. 1.

TO A PLEASANT TUNE.

Now will I cease for to recite
King Henry's affairs in France so wide,
And of domestick jars I'll write,
That in his absence did betide.

A fearful field, in verse I'll frame,
If you'll be pleased to understand,
O FLODDON-MOUNT! thy wonderous name
Doth sore affright my trembling hand.

Thou God of war! do me admit
For to discourse with sounding praise,
This bloody field, this fearful fight
Fought in our old forefathers days.

Pardon, ye poets all, I cry,
My simple, rude, and rugged rhyme;
Even though the hill, Parnassus high,
Presumptuously I press to climb.

For what is he, with haughty style,
Such deeds of honour could contrive;
No, not the learned Virgil great,
If that on earth he was alive.

That could reveal in volume short
Great Howard's deeds, who did excell;
Though lovely print made no report,
Fame would not fail the same to tell.

Or thou, O Stanley, wonderous man!
Thou son of Mars, who can proclaim
Thy matchless deeds? Tell me, who can
Paint thy just praise, on wings of fame?

Thy doleful day-work still shall be
In Scotland cursed with an outcry:
For Hector's match this man was he
Who climbed the mount of Floddon high.

What banners bravely blazed and born,
What standards stout brought he to ground,
What worthy lords by him forlorn,
That sorrow in Scotland yet doth sound!

Ye heavenly powers, your aid I crave;
My slender muse help to awake;
Grant, this work, which in hand I have,
A fine and lucky end may make.

Before king Henry crost the seas,
And e'er to France he did transfleet,
He thought the Scots might him disease
With constituted captains meet.

He knew that English kings they fought,
And by what might they were controuled;
Much more he in their absence thought,
What damage had been done of old.

And lest that they should work some teen,
As they thought to have done indeed,
He left his realm unto his queen,
To be ruled as there was need.

Then for the earl of Surrey sent
And regent of the North him made;
And bad him, "If the Scots were bent
"The northern borders to invade:

"That he should raise a royal band
"In Bishoprick, and in Yorkshire;
"In Westmoreland and Cumberland,
"In Cheshire and in Lancashire.

"And if thou need Northumberland,
"Quoth he, there be strong men and stout,
"That will not stick, if need they stand,
"To fight on horseback, or on foot.

" There is the valiant Dacres old,
" Warden of the West-march is he:
" There are the bows of Kendal bold,
" Who fierce will fight, and never flee.

" There is sir Edward Stanley stout,
" For martial skill clear without mack,
" From Latham-house his line came out,
" Whose blood will never turn their back.

" All Lancashire will live and die
" With him, so chiefly will Cheshire:
" For through his father's force, quoth he,
" This kingdom first came to my sire.

" Lord Clifford too, a lusty troop
" Will there conduct, a captain wise;
" And with the lusty knight, lord Scroop,
" The power of Richmondshire will rise.

" The wardens all look that you warn,
" To hearken what the Scots forecast;
" If they the signs of wars discern,
" Bid them the beacons fire fast."

The earl then with a sorry heart,
Had drowned his face with trickling tears,
When from his prince he did depart,
And from his royal country peers.

And "thou, quoth he, Almighty God,
  " Let him a death most shameful die,
" Which is the cause of mine abode,
  " Bereaved of my king's company."

Some thought to the king of Scots that he
  Did wish such sad untimely fate;
And some, to the earl of Derby,
  With whom he had a great debate.

The earl did then his tenants all
  In musters fair, and brave elect;
And on his way, by journeys small,
  To Pomfret-castle did direct.

Then did he send sir William Bulmer,
  And bad him on the borders lie,
With ordnance and other geer,
  Each house of fence to fortify.

And bad him call the borderers bold,
  And hold with him in readiness;
And get him word, with speech he could,
  If that the Scots meant his distress.

Then caused he watch in every street,
  And posts to run through downs and dales,
So what was wrought, he knew of it,
  From Carlisle to the coast of Wales.

When flying fame, that monstrous wight,
With hundred wings was nimbly flown,
And in the court of Scotland light,
And all abroad, was blazed and blown.

Of great king Henry's enterprize
And how he forced was into France,
With all his peers in princely wise,
To bring that land to complaisance.

England to over-run with rage,
The Scots then meant, as was their guise,
Still as the king was under age,
Or occupied some otherwise.

King James's courage did increase,
And of his council craved to know,
If he had better live in peace,
Or fight against his brother-in-law.

" Alas, said he, my heart is sore,
And care constraineth me to weep,
That ever I to England swore,
A league or love a day to keep.

Had I not entred in that band,
I swear now by this burnished blade,
England and Scotland both one land,
And kingdom one I could have made.

That realm we should soon over-run,
  That England, when this age is past,
As to our elders they have done,
  Should homage do to us at last."

Then stood there up a baron stout,
  The lusty lord of Douglas blood,
" My liege, quoth he, have you no doubt,
  But mark my words, with mirthful mood.

The league is broke, no doubt you need,
  Believe me, liege, my words are true.
What was the English admiral's deed,
  When Andrew Barton bold he slew?

Your ships and armour too he took;
  And since, their king did nothing fear,
To send his aid, against the duke
  Of Gelders, your own cousin dear.

Hath not the bastard Heron slain,
  Your warden with his spiteful spear?
The league and peace therefore are vain,
  My liege, you nothing have to fear."

Then manful Maxwell answered soon,
  " My liege, the league is broke by right;
For the English king, ought not to have gone,
  Against your friend, in France to fight.

Have you in league not entered late,
With Lewis chosen the French king?
And now, you see, what great debate
Betwixt the king and him doth spring.

What greater kindness could you show,
Unto your friend the king of France,
Than in English blood your blade to imbrue,
Against their land to lift your lance?

You know what hurt to you was done,
By English kings in times of old;
Your borders burned, and Berwick town
Still by strong hand they from you hold.

Wherefore more time let us not consume,
But fiercely fight that land again."
And then stood up the proud lord Hume,
Of Scotland, the chief chamberlain.

" My liege, quoth he, in all your life,
More lucky fate could never fall;
For now that land, with little grief,
Unto your crown you conquer shall.

For England's king, you understand,
To France is past with all his peers;
There is none at home, left in the land,
But joult-head monks, and bursten fryers.

Or ragged rustics, without rules,
Or priests prating for pudding-shives,
Or millners madder than their mules,
Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.

There is not a lord left in England,
But all are gone beyond the sea;
Both knight and baron with his band,
With ordnance, or artillery."

The king then called to Dallamount,
Which bodword out of France did bring;
Qouth he, "the nobles names pray note,
"Who are encamped with the English king."

"That will I do, my liege, quoth he,
As many as I have at heart;
First there is the great earl of Derby,
With one that is called lord Herbert.

There is an earl, of ancient race,
Plumed up in proud and rich array,
His banner casts a glittering grace,
A half-moon in a golden ray."

"That is the noble Percy plain,"
The king did say and gave a stamp,
"There is not such a lord again,
"No, not in all king Henry's camp."

" There is a lord that bold doth bear
A talbot brave, a burly tyke,
Whose fathers struck France so with fear,
As made poor wives and children shriek."

The king then answered at one word,
" That is the earl of Shrewsbury."
" There is likewise a lusty lord,
Which called is the famed Darcy.

There's Dudley and brave Delaware,
And Drury, great lords all three;
The duke of Buckingham is there,
Lord Cobham and lord Willoughby.

There is the earl of Essex gay,
And Stafford stout, earl of Wiltshire;
There is the earl of Kent, lord Gray,
With haughty Hastings, hot as fire.

There is the marquis of Dorset brave,
Fitz-Water and Fitz-Leigh, lords most great
Of doughty knights, the lusty lave
I never could by name repeat.

There is a knight of the north country,
Which leads a lusty plump of spears;
I know not what his name should be,
A boisterous bull all black he bears."

Lord Hume then answered, loud on hight
  " This same is sir John Nevil bold;
King Harry hath not so hardy a knight,
  In all his camp, my coat I will hold.

He doth maintain, without all doubt,
  The earl of Westmoreland's estate,
I know of old his stomach stout;
  In England is not left his mate."

The king then asked his lords all round,
  If wars or peace they did prefer?
They cried, and made the hall to sound,
  " Let peace go back, and let us have war.

Our armour is for usage marred,
  Both helmet, habergeon, and crest;
Our startling naggs, in stable spared,
  Are waxen wild with too much rest.

Our staves, that were both tall and straight,
  Wax crooked, and are cast each where;
Therefore in England let us go fight,
  Our booties brave from them to bear."

The king rejoiced then to see
  His lords so lively hearts to have;
And to their words did soon agree,
  Complying to their pleasures brave.

To Lyon, king at arms, he cried,
And took to him a letter broad,
Quoth he, "no longer look thou bide,
But toward France soon take thy road.

To Terwin town take thou thy way,
And greet well then my brother-in-law,
And bid him there no longer stay,
But homeward to his country draw.

And bid him cease his furious force,
Against my friend, the king of France,
For fear domestick wars prove worse,
When in his kingdom I advance.

And summon him soon to return,
Lest that our power we ply apace;
With fire and sword, we beat and burn,
His men and land in little space."

Then Lyon made him reverence,
And with his coat of arms him deckt.
He haled up sail, and towards France,
He did his way with speed direct.

MEANWHILE the king did letters write,
Which swiftest post did nimbly bear,
To all his lords which had delight,
With him in England arms to wear.

Then every lord, and knight each where,
And barons bold in musters met;
Each man made haste, to mend his gear,
And some their rusty pikes did whet.

Some made a mell of massy lead,
Which iron all about did bind;
Some made strong helmets for the head,
And some their grisly gisarings grind.

Some made their battle-axes bright;
Some from their bills did rub the rust;
Some made long pikes and lances light;
Some pikeforks for to join and thrust.

Some did a spear for weapon wield;
Some did their lusty geldings try;
Some all with gold did gild their shield;
Some did with divers colours dye.

The ploughmen hard their teams could take,
And to hard harness them convert,
Their shares defensive armour make,
To save the head, and shield the heart.

Dame Ceres did unserved remain,
The fertile fields did lie untilled;
Outrageous Mars so sore did reign,
That Scotland was with fury filled.

The king of Scots was much inflamed
With joy to see himself obeyed,
And did command his chamberlain,
In England all this gang to lead.

The chamberlain lord Hume in haste,
March-warden over east also,
Within the English border's breast
With full eight thousand men did go.

And enter in Northumberland,
With banners bravely blazed and born,
And finding none them to withstand
They straight destroyed both hay and corn.

They spoiled and ravaged all abroad,
And on each side, in, booties brought,
The coarser loons got geldings good,
And droves of kine and cattle caught.

Most stately halls, and buildings gay,
With sacrilegious hands they burn;
And this has always been their way,
Whenever they could serve their turn.

But happy Harwood-church on the hill,
Thou always 'scaped their barbarous rage;
As thou wert once, so art thou still,
The wonder of the present age.

There judge Gascoigne, once wisely grave,
With his fair dame entombed doth lie;
And there lies Rudimond so brave,
In armour, by his family.

With other noble persons too,
For valour famed, and piety;
Their monuments you now may view,
Most sweet and lovely to the eye.

But to return, for I have digrest.
The Scots thus having over-run
The bordering parts, and filled with prey,
They thought to Scotland to return.

Sir William Bulmer being told
Of this great road and wild array,
Did strait forecast, all means he could,
The Scots in their return to stay.

Two hundred men himself did lead,
To him there came the borderers stout,
And divers gentlemen with speed,
Repaired to him with horse and foot.

They were not all a thousand men,
But knowing where the Scots would come,
The borderers best their coasts did ken,
And hid them in a field of broom.

The Scots came scouring down so fast,
And proudly pricked up with their prey;
Thinking their perils all were past,
They straggling ran out of their way.

The English men burst out apace,
And skirmished with Scots anon;
There was fierce fighting, face to face,
And many geldings made to groan.

There men might see spears fly in spells
And tall men tumbling on the soil,
And many a horse turned up his heels;
Outrageous Mars kept such a coil.

The Scots their strength did long extend;
And broken ranks did still renew;
But the English archers, in the end,
With arrows shot: most sore they flew.

The English spears, on the other side
Amongst the Scots did fiercely fling,
And through their ranks did rattling ride,
And chased them through moss, mire, and ling.

The chamberlain, viewing this chance,
And seeing his host all put to flight,
Did with the foremost forth advance:
But happy in his horse so light.

Straightway he flew, when he perceived
His banner-bearer down was beat:
The English then their spoil received,
Besides a store of geldings great.

Six hundred Scots were slain that day,
And near that number prisoners ta'en,
But of the English, brave and gay,
There were no more than sixty slain.

In August month this broil befell,
Wherein the Scots lost so much blood,
That mournful when the tale they tell,
They call it now, "The Devil's road."

Thus while the Scots, both near and far,
Were through all Scotland occupied,
In framing weapons, fit for war,
And mustering men on every side,

By this time came the herald sent,
Before the town of Terwin high;
There to king Henry soon he went,
And bowing low upon his knee,

He reverently the king did greet;
Who took from him his letters large;
And then, as ordered, what was writ,
In open words he did discharge.

The letters soon were looked upon,
And in king Henry's sight perused;
King James's mind he knew full soon,
And found himself most sore abused.

Who summoned him his siege to raise,
And stay those wars he took in hand;
Or else with blood he would pave his ways,
And straight invade his native land.

King Henry's heart began to rise,
And to the herald he did say,
" Thy master thus I did surmise,
Would in our absence partly play.

Indeed he doth not now digress
From his old sires, never brave;
But if he do my land distress,
I hope he welcome hard shall have.

For in my land I left a lord,
Who aiding of my royal queen,
Will stay your prince at point of sword;
His blade was ever fierce and keen.

Let him not deem so destitute
My land of lords and valiant knights;
For if he dare to prosecute,
He there shall find some warlike wights.

Who will shed for me their purple gore,
And all his streaming standards rent:
They will send upon him many a shower,
Of arrows, ere he pass the Trent.

Since perjured he now doth prove,
And doth so small esteem his oath;
Our siege we will not cease to move,
Be he so never mad or wroth.

And here a valiant vow we will make,
At what time as we shall return,
All Scotland we will harrass and sack,
And never cease to spoil and burn.

Nor ever peace with him contrive,
Nor ever league nor union make,
While one false Scot is left alive,
And till the land be brought to wrack."

Then he to the king of Scots did write
A letter, banishing all fears,
That he, for all his ire and spight,
In France would still proceed his wars.

Then gave it to the herald's hand,
Besides, with it, a rich reward;
Who hastened to his native land,
To see how with his king it fared.

And while he waited for the wind,
And for his ships did things ordain,
For all his haste he came behind,
And never saw his prince again.

King Henry then the Scottish bill
Unto the earl of Surrey sent,
To Pomfret, where abiding still,
He bid him be for battle bent.

The earl did all things straight provide
The Scotch king's purpose to resist,
Throughout all Scotland far and wide,
And all was done that he did list.

Lord Dacres also did perceive,
The Scots intention manifest;
He knew their meetings, musters brave,
And daily riding, without rest.

The truth whereof he sent straitway,
And told the earl of Surrey sage;
That time was not for to delay,
But soldiers raise for to engage.

Which when the earl did understand,
He letters sent both far and near,
To all the nobles in the land,
That they their forces might prepare.

And tell what numbers they could make,
Of valiant men, all well arrayed;
Then with sir Philip Tilney spake,
How they their wages might be paid.

He, after this, for ordnance sent
Unto sir Nicholas Appleyard;
Who did accordingly consent,
And towards him apace prepared.

With culverines, and portals great,
And double cannons two or three;
Which he brought on by steed and cart,
To Durham in the north country.

The noble earl then letters wrote,
Unto each castle, fort, and hold,
That they should furnish them with shot,
And fortify their bulwarks bold.

Who answered all, with stomachs stout,
And every captain with his train,
That they would keep the Scots quite out,
Until the king returned again.

Which answer of the captains keen
The noble earl did much delight;
But what the Scots this while did mean,
And of king James I mean to write.

After he to his brother-in-law,
Defiance into France had sent,
His nobles all to him did draw,
Well busked, and for battle bent.

And thus arrayed in armour bright,
They met in Edinborough town;
There was many a lord and many a knight,
And baron brave, of high renown.

Of prelates proud, a populous lave,
And abbots boldly there were known.
With bishop of St. Andrew's brave,
Who was king James's bastard son.

Surely it was an unseemly sight,
And quite against our christian laws,
To see a prelate press to fight,
And that too in a wicked cause.

Were these the Scots religious rules,
Who taught the priests such pranks perverse,
To march forth mustered on their mules,
And soldier-like to sue God Mars?

The messenger of Christ, St. Paul,
Taught them to shoot at no such mark,
Peter, and Christ's apostles all,
Did never lead them in the dark.

Their patron so did not them learn,
St. Andrew, with his shored cross,
But rather Trimon of Quhytehorn,
Or, Doffin, demi-god of Ross.

This bishop bold, this bastard blest,
With other bishops in his band,
And abbots bold, as all the rest,
For beagle-rods, took bills in hand.

And every lord with him did lead,
A mighty band for battle prest;
Numbers so great, they did extend
To a hundred thousand men at least.

King James for joy began to smile,
So great an army to behold;
Who, for to serve him, thought no toil,
But blazoned forth his banners bold.

Each lord went on then with his band,
And every captain with his train,
The music echoed through the land,
And brazen trumpets blowed amain.

The drums did beat, with warlike sound,
And banners bravely waved wide,
Men scarce could view the fruitful ground,
For soldiers armed on every side.

In midst of ranks, there rode the king,
On stately steed, which graceful stampt;
A goodly sight to see him fling,
And how his foaming bits he champt.

Thus did king James most gorgeous ride,
A pleasure to his noble peers;
He had a heart puft up with pride,
And was a prince that banished fears.

Alas! he thought himself too strong,
Having so great a multitude:
But Providence, when kings do wrong,
Their mighty power can elude.

He thought no king in Christendom,
In field to meet him was of might;
No, nor an emperor of Rome
Had been of force with him to fight.

Nor Herculus, nor Hannibal,
The Soldan, Sophy, nor the Turk;
None of the mighty monarchs all;
Such valiant blood did in him work.

But yet for all his armed host,
His puffed-up pride, and haughty heart,
Full soon abated was his ghost;
He was brought to London in a cart.

It was in the midst of harvest-tide,
August the two and twentieth day,
That this great prince, replete with pride,
To the English borders burst his way.

Where piles he pulled down apace,
And stately buildings brought to ground,
The Scots, like loons, void of all grace,
Religion's precepts sore did wound.

Fair matrons they did force each where,
And ravished maidens sweet and mild;
In flames the houses made appear,
And murdered many a man and child.

But how the English did prepare,
To fight the Scots, with hand and heart,
Their valour also will appear,
If you will read the second part.

It was the king's express command,
To waste with cruel sword and flame,
A field of blood he made the land,
Till he to Norham-castle came.

Which soon with siege he did beset,
And trenches digged without delay;
With bombard-shot, the walls he beat,
And to assault it did essay.

The captain great, with courage stout
His fortress fiercely did defend;
But for a while he lashed out,
Till he his ordnance did spend.

His powder he did profusely waste,
His arrows he haled out every hour;
So that he wanted at the last,
And at the last had none to pour.

But yet five days he did defend,
Though with assaults they him assailed.
Though all their strength they did extend;
Yet all their power had not prevailed.

Had there not been a traiterous thief,
Who came king James's face before,
That in that hold had got relief,
The space of thirty years and more.

I say, quoth he, king James, my liege,
Your brave assaults are all in vain,
Long may you hold a tedious siege,
Yet all this while can get no gain.

But what reward shall I receive,
Quoth he, express, and speak anon,
And I will let you plain perceive,
How that this castle may be won.

If that to pass you bring this can,
The king did say, where he did stand,
I shall make you a gentleman,
And livings give thee in our land.

O king, quoth he, now quit this place,
And down to yonder vallies draw,
The walls then shall you rend and raze,
Your batteries will bring them low.

Which, as he said, so did the king,
And against the walls his ordnance bent;
It was a wretched dismal thing,
To see how soon the walls were rent.

Which made the captain sore afraid,
Beholding the walls, how they reeled,
His weapons all then down he laid,
And to king James did humbly yield.

The Scots straightway did pour in,
And plied apace unto their prey;
Look what was worth one point or pin,
You need not bid them take away.

So when the Scots the walls had won,
And rifled every nook and place,
The traitor came to the king anon,
But for reward met with disgrace.

The king then asked him by and by,
Where he was born, and in what town?
A Scot I am, he did reply,
This answer gave the treacherous loon.

The king then asked him, meek and mild,
For how long time he lodged there;
Even, quoth he, since but a child,
A good deal more than thirty year.

Why, quoth the king, hast thou so wrought
Unto thy friends, this frantic rage,
Who in this castle thee up brought,
And always gave thee meat and wage?

But since thy heart is falsified
To them who gave thee meat and fee,
It is a token to be tried,
Thou never canst prove true to me.

Therefore, for this thy traiterous trick,
Thou shalt be tied in a trice;
Hangman, therefore, quoth he, be quick;
The groom shall have no better place.

What he did say, forthwith was wrought,
The traitor had his just desert,
Although the king himself was naught,
And proved deceitful in the heart.

By this time came the flying posts,
Which made the earl to understand
How that the king of Scotland's hosts,
Already entered had the land.

Which when the earl of Surrey knew,
It was but vain to bid him haste:
He sent to all his friends most true,
That they their men should muster fast.

And shortly sent to every shire,
That on September the first day,
Each gentleman, lord, knight, and squire,
Should to Newcastle take their way.

Then with five hundred soldiers stout,
Himself appearing in renown,
He never stayed to rest his foot,
Until he came to Durham town.

There he devoutly did hear prayers,
And worshipped God his maker dear,
Who banished from him cares and fears,
St. Cuthbert's banner he did bear.

Then straight he to Newcastle came,
Of August, on the thirtieth day,
There many a nobleman of fame,
To him repaired without delay.

There valiant Dacres him did meet,
And brought with him a noble band,
Of warlike men, right well compleat,
From Westmoreland and Cumberland.

Sir Marmaduke Constable stout,
Attended with his lovely sons;
Sir William Bulmer, with his rout,
Lord Clifford, with his clapping guns.

Then from Newcastle soon he went,
And took his way to Alnwick town.
That weary men, with travel spent,
And weather-beaten, might have room.

Then might you see on every side
The ways all filled with men of war,
With shining streamers, waving wide,
And helmets glittering from afar.

From Lancashire and Cheshire too,
To Stanley came a noble train,
To Hornby, from whence he withdrew,
And forward set with all his main.

What banners brave before him blazed,
The people mused where he did pass:
Poor husbandmen were much amazed;
And women, wondering, cried, alas!

Young wives did weep with woeful chear,
To see their friends in harness drest,
Some rent their cloaths, some tore their hair,
Some held their babes upon their breast.

But who can plain express with pen,
What prayers were said on hallowed stone,
What tears came from religious men,
What sacred service too was done?

That Stanley might come safe away,
And victor valiantly return;
The bells did sound both night and day,
And holy fires bright did burn.

Men with grey beards drew to their beds,
And fast their prayers poured out;
Old wives for woe did wag their heads,
And saints were sought on naked foot.

But Stanley over Stainmore strait
Did pass; and resting there, did view
A banner brave, born up on hight,
Where under went a warlike crew.

What lusty troop is yon I see?
Sir Edward Stanley did enquire.
A yeoman said, It is, I see,
Bryan Tunstal, that bold esquire.

For in his banner I behold
A curling cock, as though he would crow;
He brings with him his tenants bold,
A hundred men at least I know.

Then Stanley said, as there he stood,
Would Christ he would but take our part,
His clean and undefiled blood,
Good speed doth promise at my heart.

Blaze out therefore, I bid you soon,
The earl of Darby's banner brave;
By chance with us he will be one,
When it in sight he shall perceive.

But Tunstall took no heed that tide,
Without saluting forth he past;
Upon the valiant Howard's side,
His faithful heart he fixed fast.

And then again, said Stanley brave,
O valiant lads, draw up your heart;
Be not amazed, look not so grave,
Though Tunstall will not take your part.

But forward set without delay,
Unto the Howards let us make haste.
Thus they, though wearied, kept their way,
Till they to Alnwick came at last.

Whose coming greatly did rejoice
The earl and all his company.
None but the eagle bear the voice,
With wrapping wings as he would fly.

There did the army much increase,
Although there were the most extreams;
For rain down rattling never did cease,
Till bubbling brooks burst mighty streams.

Such blustering winds besides there were,
That day and night the air did sound;
Which put the earl into great fear,
Lest his son the admiral should be drowned;

Who, at his parting, promised plight
Unto his father, if alive,
At Newcastle, with all his might,
For his assistance, to arrive.

Which promise he did fully keep:
Such friendship Neptune did him show,
As to conduct him over the deep,
And his desires just bestow.

Then soldiers soon he set on land,
And to his father fast he hied;
Such warlike wights in worthy band,
Two thousand men in arms well tried.

With captains most courageous keen,
At Alnwick they arrived at last:
Whom, when the earl's army had seen,
With sudden fear they were aghast.

But seeing their armour black as ink,
Some said it was some Scottish band;
And divers did esteem and think,
They were some force from foreign land.

Some took their harness, some their horse,
And forward hasted as to fight,
But when they saw St. George's cross,
And English arms born up on hight,

Some said, it was a jolly crew,
The king had sent from France that tide,
The southern men, the truth soon knew,
And loud lord admiral! they cried.

Whom, when the earl of Surrey saw,
He thanked God with heart so mild,
And hands for joy to heaven did throw,
That his son was saved from waters wild.

A merry meeting there was seen,
For first they kist, and then embraced;
For joy the tears fell from their eyne,
All forepast fears were then defaced.

Then caused the earl each captain count,
Under their wings what soldiers were;
Which done, the number did but mount,
To six and twenty thousand there.

The earl then called a council soon,
Of prudent lords and captains wise,
And how the battle might be done;
He bid them shew their best devise.

Some said too small their number was,
To atchieve so great an enterprize,
Some counselled posts back for to pass
For aid, and cause the countries rise.

And from the south, the queen, some said,
A band of soldiers soon would send;
And willed to stay, for while they staid,
Their powers daily might amend.

Some said the Scots straitway would fly,
And powers daily would diminish;
Wherefore to stay was their counsel,
And thus the earl they did admonish.

Then did the admiral start in ire,
And stamping stood with stomach hot:
Why, sir, said he, unto his sire;
Hath cowardice lent you his coat.

Let never king Henry bear for shame,
That you should act this dastard part;
Nor ever blown by trump of fame,
That you did bear a coward's heart.

Hath not king Henry left you here
His governour to rule the land;
Not doubting but, without all fear,
The treacherous Scots you would withstand.

Think of your father, though his chance
It was to fall at Bosworth field,
Though he his life, by Stanley's lance,
With honourable wounds did yield,

Would God that Edward, brother dear,
Were here alive this present day:
No armed foes, could make him fear,
Nor in a camp, like coward stay.

What royal fame, what high renown,
Hath he left to his line and race,
What ample glory would him crown,
If life had lasted longer space.

The seas he did both sweep and scour,
Not pyrate durst appear in sight,
Even pyrate John, for all his power,
The great renowned Lothian knight.

How oft the royal fleet of France,
In conflicts fierce by him was grieved?
If he had scaped that fatal chance,
He glorious acts might have atchieved.

No multitudes made him dismayed,
Nor numbers great his stomach swage;
Great shame then would on us be laid,
And to our offspring in each age.

Your father's fame would soon be lost,
And all his worthy acts no more,
Your honour, flitting like a ghost,
Nor yet your sons could ever restore.

If here you loitering lie like loons,
And do not fight the Scots again:
For do not you hear how English towns
Are burnt, while suckling babes are slain?

They daily pilfer every place,
And spoil the people all about:
Wherefore let us stay no longer space,
But now step forth with stomachs stout.

FIT. IV.

THE earl of Surrey then replied,
And to his warlike son did say,
No bashfulness doth make me bide,
Nor stomach faint doth make me stay.

The cause is for no cowardice
So long time here to make delay:
But yet I fear this enterprize
Will prove no childish sport or play.

Great counsel then must be embraced;
Then let us careful think upon,
Which way our cards to count and cast,
For great is the business to be done.

Too hardy oft good hap doth hazard,
And over-bold oft is not best;
And that I have proved by my son Edward,
Who ever was too bold of breast.

He had been a living man this day,
If he with counsel wise had wrought;
But he was drowned in Bathrumb's bay;
His rashness to this end him brought.

My father, at king Richard's field,
Under great Stanley's lance lay slain;
And I did there a captive yield;
Our manhood great got us this gain.

We might have scaped that scurvy day
If warning could our wits have beat;
A friend of our's, to cause us stay;
Upon my father's gate had set.

A certain scroll, whose scripture said
"Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,"
And underneath in verse was laid,
"For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

My father fighting fierce was slain,
King Richard lost both life and crown,
Some goodly guerdon oft they gain,
Who rashly run to get renown.

For see the duke of York was brought,
At Wakefield to his fatal fall;
Who might have scaped, if he had wrought
The counsel wise of David Hall.

I read of conquerors and kings
For lack of counsel cast away:
Now since at hand such danger springs,
Our council we had need to say.

It is not I am fright with fear,
Nor for myself such thoughts I take,
But for young babes, and infants dear,
Which fathers sore I fear will lack.

Such fortunes fall, through fights doubtless,
Poor widows plenty shall be left;
And many a servant masterless,
And mothers of their sons bereft.

This is the cause I counsel crave,
The only cause I cast such doubts:
I had rather one English soldier save,
Than for to kill a thousand Scots.

I can no kind of compass cast,
But many a life there must be lost;
And many a tall man death must taste,
The Scots are such a mighty host.

The prince himself is there present,
With all his peers prepared for war;
With barons, knights, and commons bent,
A hundred thousand men they are.

Put case our total English power
Were ready drest and made in meet;
At two meals they would us devour,
The Scottish army is so great.

Therefore let each man's mind be expreat
How that the Scots we may convince,
And how to pass this peril best,
And save the honour of our prince.

Then spake sir Edward Stanley stout,
And fierce on the earl he fixt his eyne,
What need have we thus for to doubt,
And be afraid of foes unseen?

Shall we by loitering on this manner,
Thus still permit the Scots to rest?
Fye, let them see an English banner,
And view our soldiers seemly drest.

What though our foes be five to one,
For that let not our stomachs fail.
God gives the stroke, when all is done,
If it please him we shall prevail.

If ancient books we do peruse,
Set forth by famous clerks of old,
Which both of Christians, Pagans, Jews,
Do plain describe the battles bold.

There may we certain see in sight,
Many a mighty prince and king,
With populous armies, put to flight,
And vanquished by a little wing.

With hundreds three, judge Gideon,
The Midian host overcame in fight.
And Jonathan, Saul's valiant son,
The fierce Philistines put to flight.

So Judas Maccabeus, the man,
Of foremost fame among all knights,
Who can describe what fields he wan,
With handfuls small of warlike wights;

The mighty Macedonian prince,
With puissance small and power,
King Darius host did all convince,
Who were for one in number four.

The great renowned Roman peers,
Whose glorious praise can never blin;
The fame, that daily fills men's ears,
By numbers great did never win.

For Titus Livy doth protest,
The less their power, the more their gain,
When they were most, they wan the least;
The greater press, the more were slain.

Example at Cannæ's fierce conflict,
So many nobles there were slain,
That bushels three they did collect
Of rings from dead men's fingers drawn.

Where Scipio, with numbers small,
Of warlike wights of lusty blood,
In field to flight put Hannibal,
And burnt with fire Carthage proud.

What further need I for to seek,
Of christian kings the manful acts;
Since records of the same still speak,
Of Henry, and his famous facts.

All Europe yet afresh doth sound,
Of his high prowess the report.
What standards stout he brought to ground
With numbers small at Agincourt.

All France yet trembleth to hear talk,
By death what nobles took their flight,
Two thousand, besides vulgar folk,
Simplest of whom was squire or knight.

He never stint from war and strife,
Till the heir of France he was proclaimed;
If fate had lent him longer life,
With English laws all France he had framed.

Of Bedford too, his brother John,
The Dauphin beat with a small band;
Lord Talbot, with his name alone,
To tremble forced all the French land.

The earl of Richmond, with small powes,
Of England, wan both realm and crown,
At Bosworth where the bragging boar,
And all his host wese overthrown.

So though the Scottish host be great,
Let us not stint, but them withstand;
In battle bold we shall them beat,
For God will help us with his hand.

But if in fighting we are slain,
And in the battle brought to ground,
Perpetual praise we them shall gain,
Men will our fame for ages sound.

The memory of our great manhood,
Mongst English men will ever last;
And then, for vengeance of our blood,
King Henry home from France will haste.

Our kinsfolks and our cousins free,
  Will wreak our deaths with doleful dint; *Hack.*
Till time that they revenged be,
  From sturdy strokes they will not stint.

Our ghosts shall go to God on high,
  Though bodies vile to death be dight;
In better case we cannot die,
  Than fighting for our country's right.

Put case the lot light contrary,
  As firm by faith is fixed it shall,
And that to gain the victory,
  Good fortune on our side shall fall.

And then to give our foes the foil,
  What worthy praises shall we win?
What mighty prey, what plenteous spoil,
  What prisoners of princely kin.

The prince is there himself, king James,
  With prelates passing rich in pride;
Fifty great lords there are of name,
  With barons, knights, and squires beside.

Their tents, if standing they be found,
  When fight is done, I do not fear,
But for their entering English ground,
  The charges shall pay us full dear.

Such fate shall fall to them I trust
As to their elders has before,
Who dared into our borders burst,
When they were beat in battle sore.

Their mighty Mars, king Malcomy,
Did valiantly this land invade;
At Tinmouth he was forced to fly,
And slain was by an English blade.

King David unto Durham came,
Who with the Scots in pitched field,
For all their pride yet left the game,
King David there did captive yield.

What shall I further mention make
Of Henry the fourth, how in his days,
The earl of Murray and lord Murdake,
Angus and Douglass pricked with praise,

Did enter in Northumberland
And murdered without mercy.
Were they not beat by a small band,
In battle by Sir Henry Piercy?

The story saith, who list may look,
Ten thousand Scots in field were slain,
And through the valiant Piercy's stroke,
All the earl's captives did remain.

Such luck I trust to our foes will light,
And all that wars do raise in wrong;
Wherefore against them let us fight,
It is shame we loiter here so long.

If any seem abased to be,
That we in battle shall be beat,
Cheshire and Lancashire with me,
Shall give the Scots the first onset.

When this was said, then Stanley stout
All silent down did sit in place;
The eyes of all the lords about,
Were fixed upon his valiant face.

His wisdom great all wondered at,
All did his manful proffer praise;
All they that would have lingered late,
Their courage keen did now upraise.

Now they that lately would have staid,
With foremost cryed, forth to the field;
With one voice all the earl they prayed,
That Stanley might the vanguard wield.

But on that side the earl of Surrey
Was deaf, for why, he could not hear;
For being moved with Stanley's glory,
His rancour old then did appear.

Quoth he, the king's place I supply,
At pleasure mine each thing shall bide.
Then on each captain he did cry,
In presence to appear that tide.

That done, straitway he did ordain
His battle brief on this same sort,
Whose order and array right plain,
With pen I truly shall report.

When Stanley did with stomach stout
Valiantly the vanguard crave,
The earl of Surrey sore did doubt,
That too much honour he should have,

If fortune good fell on his part,
And valiant victor he did return.
Gainst Stanley's blood such hateful heart
In the earl's blood did boiling burn.

Wherefore in forward, first of all
Chief captain constituted he
His loving son lord admiral,
With soldiers such as came from sea.

Whom valiant lords accompanied,
With barons bold, and hardy knights;
Lord Ogle one of courage tried,
Who led a band of warlike wights.

In order, next to the admiral,
The lusty knight, Lord Clifford, went,
Who was concealed in shepherd's cost,
Till twice twelve years were gone and spent.

For when his father at Wakefield,
The duke of York and his son had slain;
He by a friend was thus concealed,
Till Richmond's earl began his reign.

And him restored to all his right
Seating him in his father's land;
Or else to death he had been dight,
While the house of York had the uphand.

Now like a captain bold he brought
A band of lusty lads elect,
Whose curious coats, most cunning wrought,
With dreadful dragons were bedeckt.

From Pennigent to Pendlehill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And they that Craven coasts did till,
All with the lofty Clifford came.

All Staincliff hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Worledale;
And all that Haughton hills did climb,
With Langstroth too, and Littondale.

Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshly bred
Were fit the strongest bows to bend;
All such as Horton-fells had fed,
On Clifford's banner did attend.

Lord Lumley next, and Latimer
Were equal matched with all their power,
With whom was next their neighbour near
Lord Conyers stout, and stiff in stour.

With many a gentleman and squire,
From Rippon, Ripley, and Rydale,
With them marched forth all Massamshire,
With Nosterfield and Netherdale.

With tillmen tough, in harness store,
Who turned the furrows of Mittan-field,
With Billmen bold from Blackamoore,
Most warlike wights, these lords did wield.

Next them was placed, with all his power,
Lord Scroope of Upsall, aged knight,
Sir Stephen Bull, with all his power,
Was matched next him with all his might.

Sir Walter Griffith, sage and grave
Was with sir Henry Sherbourn bent,
And under Bulmer's banner brave,
The whole bishoprick of Durham went.

The third part it will more unfold
The glorious train of heroes bright,
Such as may please the sage and old,
And yield to children sweet delight.

PART III. FIT. V.

Sir Christopher Ward the next ensued,
With him sir Edward Echingham;
Next were sir Nicholas Appleyard,
Sir Mettham, Sidney, Everingham.

All in the foremost battle bold,
These knights who in the vanguard were
Seven thousand men numbered and told,
Simplest of whom bore bow or spear.

Then the earl, sir Edmund Howard,
Did call, and marshall soon him made;
My son, said he, now soon set forward,
With valiant hearts the Scots invade.

Chief captain of the right-hand wing,
To brother thine I thee ordain;
Now surely see thou serve the king,
And for his sake never think it pain.

Of southern soldiers hundreds two,
Under thy wing shall go with thee;
A thousand thanks sir Edmund to,
His father dear did render free.

With him was matched an equal mate,
Bryan Tunstall, that trusty squire;
Whose stomach stout nought could abate,
Nor ought could sway his bold desire.

The glory of his grandsire old,
The famous acts too of his sire;
His blood, unspotted, made him bold,
And stirred his stomach hot as fire.

For when debate did first begin,
And rancour raised most rueful work,
And ruffling ruled this realm within,
'Twixt Lancaster and the house of York.

During which hurly-burly strife,
Were murdered many a mother's child.
Many a lord bereaved of life,
And noble house with blood defiled.

But this man's father, void of fear
While in this realm such ruffling was,
To Henry the sixth did still adhere,
And for no pains did from him pass.

For he to York would never yield
For all the struggling stir and strife,
Nine times he fiercely fought in field,
So oft in danger was his life.

And when the king was captive caught,
And the earl of Warwick overthrown,
To save his life best means he sought,
And was in bark to Bretagne blown.

With earl of Richmond he remained,
And lords of the Lancastrian kin;
When then the earl the crown had gained,
And England's empire fair did win.

He rendered Tunstall all his right,
Knowing his valiant blood unstained,
The king he caused this trusty knight,
Undefiled Tunstall to be named.

Most fierce he fought at Thelian field,
Where Martin Swart on ground lay slain.
When rage did reign, he never reeled,
But like a rock did still remain.

Now came this man amongst the rest
To match his father in manhood,
For battle ready bent and prest,
With him a band of lusty blood.

Next went sir Bold, and Butler brave,
Two valiant knights of Lancashire,
Then Bruerton bold, and Bygod grave,
With Warcop wild, a worthy squire.

Next Richard Chomley and Chiston stout,
With men of Hatfield, and of Hull,
Laurence of Dun, with all his rout,
The people freest with them did pull.

John Clarvis then was 'nexed near,
With Stapleton of stomach stern;
Next whom Fitz-Williams forth did fare,
Who martial feats was not to learn.

These captains keen, with all their might,
In right-hand wing did warlike wend:
All these on Edmond Howard, knight,
The earl ordained to attend.

Then next the left-hand wing did wield
Sir Marmaduke Constable old,
With him a troop well tried in field,
And eke his sons and kinsfolk bold.

Next him sir William Percy stood,
Who went with the earl Piercy's power,
From Lancashire of lusty blood,
A thousand soldiers stiff in stour.

Then the earl himself did undertake
Of the rearward the regiment;
Whom barons bold did bravely back,
And southern soldiers seemly bent.

Next whom in place was 'nexed near
Lord Scroop of Bolton stern and stout,
On horseback, who had not his peer,
No English man, Scots more did doubt.

With him did wend all Wensledale
From Morton unto Morsdale-moor:
All they that dwelt by the banks of Swale,
With him were bent in harness-store.

From Wensdale warlike wights did wend,
From Bishopsdale went bowmen bold;
From Coverdale to Cotter End,
And all to Kidson Causeway cold.

From Mollerstang and Middleham
And all from Mask and Middletonby,
And that climb the mountain Cam,
Whose crown from frost is seldom free.

With lusty lads and large of length,
Which dwelt on Seimer water-side;
All Richmondshire its total strength,
The valiant Scroope did lead and guide.

Next went sir Philip Tilney tall,
With him sir Thomas Barclay brave;
Sir John Ratcliff in arms royal,
With sir William Gascoyne grave.

Next whom did pass, with all his rout,
Sir Christopher Pickering proud;
Sir Bryan Stapleton, most stout,
Two valiant knights of noble blood.

Next with sir John Stanley there came
The Bishop of Ely's servant bold;
Sir Lionel Piercy, knight of fame,
Did lead some hundred men well told.

Next went Sir Ninian Markanville,
In armour coat of cunning work;
The next went sir John Normanville,
With him the citizens of York.

Sir George Darcy in banner bright,
Did bear a bloody broken spear;
Next went sir Magnus with his might,
And Clapham bold of lusty chear.

Sir Guy Dawney, with glorious rout,
Then Mr Dalby's servants bold;
Then Richard Tempest with his rout,
In rereward thus array did hold.

The right-hand wing, with all his rout,
  The lusty lord Dacres did lead;
With him the bows of Kendal stout,
  With milk-white coats and crosses red.

All Keswick eke, and Cockermouth,
  And all the Capeland craggy hills;
All Westmoreland, both north and south,
  Whose weapons were great weighty bills.

All Carlisle eke and Cumberland,
  With the lord Dacres proud did pass,
From Branton and from Broughly sands,
  From Grayston and from Ravenglass.

With striplings stout from Stainmoor side,
  And Austen-moor, men marched even;
And those that Gilsland grave did bide,
  With horsemen light from Heshan-Leven.

All these did go in Dacres' band,
  All these ensued his banner broad;
No lustier lord was in this land,
  Nor more might beast of birth and blood.

Many strong horses, huge of height,
  Were all his own to give or sell,
A baron fair by his birthright,
  And heritage, which to him fell.

Where all the counsel did consent,
That Rouge Croix to the Scottish king
With strict instructions should be sent,
To know for why these wars did spring.

FIT. VI.

WHEREAS the castle too of Ford
He threatened had to overthrow;
Rouge Croix was charged word for word,
The earl's intent to let him know.

That if the king would so agree,
To suffer that said fort to stand,
And William Heron send home free,
Who there was captive in Scotland;

If thus the king would condescend,
The earl promised to restore,
And to the king immediate send,
Of Scotsmen taken captives four.

Lord Johnston and sir Sandy Hume,
Richard Hume and William Carr:
But if king James would yet presume
[redacted]rongful sort to raise up war;

Against king Henry his brother-in-law,
And commons cruelly would kill,
And piles and forts would fierce down draw,
And English blood proceed to spill.

The earl charged the herald strait,
To certify the said Scots king,
That he in field with him would fight,
On Friday then next following.

And then ere Rouge Croix forth did fare,
The admiral took him aside,
And bade him to the king declare,
His coming and access that tide.

That he from sea descended was
With all his total power and might,
And that in forward with his grace,
He would prepare himself to fight.

And when the Scots for him did call
In days of March to make redress,
For Andrew Barton their admiral,
Whom he with bloody blade did bless.

Now he was come in person prest
The said sir Andrew's death to vouch;
And if it in his power doth rest,
Quoth he, I shall serve him with such.

For there no Scot shall 'scape unslain,
The king in person sole except;
For so of Scots, quoth he again,
No other mercy I expect.

And yet ere Rouge Croix went his way
The earl and counsel did expect,
That the Scots king, without delay,
An herald would again direct.

Rouge Croix was yet commanded there
No Scotchman near the field to bring,
Lest he their conduct might declare,
And thereby dangers great might spring.

Then Rouge Croix ready took his horse,
Bedeckt with coat of arms most brave,
With him did go a trumpet hoarse,
That Scots their coming might perceive.

Their geldings were both good and light,
From galloping they seldom staid,
Till at the length they viewed in sight,
Whereas their enemies army laid.

The Scottish watch soon them descried,
And them conveyed before the king,
Where he with barons bold did bide,
Whom Rouge Croix, on the ground kneeling,

With salutations did greet.
He after, his instructions straight,
Each one exprest, in order meet,
And letters livered in their sight.

Whom, when the king of Scots had heard,
And also read his letters large,
Even frantic-like he fuming fared,
And bombard-like did boasts discharge.

If true, quoth he, let it be exprest,
Thou herald sent anon recite:
And was your earl so bold of breast,
Thus proudly to a prince to write?

But since he seems to be so rough,
I swear by sceptre and by crown,
He shall have fighting fill enough,
On Friday, before sun go down.

For here to God I promise plight,
We never will part, from this same hill,
Till we have tried your earl's whole might,
And given your folks fighting their fill.

Because he vexed our land of late
Perchance his stomach is extolled,
But now we will withstand his grace,
Or thousand heads there shall be polled.

To presence then he called his peers,
To whom he read the earl's whole bill;
Audience being given, with ireful ears,
Some said it came of little skill.

An earl of such a simple shire,
To anointed king such words to write!
Some bad the schedule cast in fire,
Some for to speak did spare for spite.

Some said the herald of his head,
Such talk extempore did express,
And counselled that they with speed,
A Scottish herald should address,

To know of the earl of Surrey plain,
If he such message did procure;
And till the time he turned again,
The English herald to make sure.

Whereto the king did soon consent,
That Rouge Croix should with them remain,
And home with the English trumpet sent,
Their herald Ilay called by name.

Who was commanded for to know
Of the earl and his council sage,
If Rouge Croix truth to him did show,
Or if he had sent such message?

And if true tidings he had brought,
And to his grace avouched no lie:
The king in mind anon forethought,
How he the earl might terrify.

He Ilay then instructed strait,
With letters large and eloquent;
Which done, they soon set forth that night,
And towards the English camp they went.

But at a little village poor
Ilay did light, and lodging take;
The army was two miles off or more,
Whilst clanging trumpets noise did make.

The night was even at midst well near,
And the English lords lying on grass,
Till time the trumpet did appear;
And told earl Surrey all the case,

How that the Scotchmen did detain
Rouge Croix, and credit him would not,
And for to know the truth more plain,
The king himself had sent a Scot.

Which he constrained for to stay,
And lodged then in a village mean,
Lest he their order might display,
And so the Scots advantage gain.

Which when the earl had understood,
And viewed the Scotchmen's dealings all,
He in a sound and sober mood,
Upon his council strait did call.

Where he in presence did repeat
The total tale the trumpet told,
The counsel mused with marvel great,
Why Scots their herald did with-hold.

And causes none they could conject,
But all surmises were deferred;
And sage advice was then defect,
Till they the Scottish herald heard.

Wherefore as soon as Phœbus fair
Dame Luna's light and stars did stain,
And burning in the fiery chair,
His startling steeds haled forth amain.

The earl then called his council sage,
Who soon on horseback did surround;
And every man did bring his page,
To hold their horses in that stound.

But when they stept within the street,
The Scot was scarce from cabbage got,
Where he the English earl did greet,
With little courtesy, like a Scot.

Which done, the earl did then command
His message he should manifest,
Then Ilay quickly out of hand,
His chiefest charge anon exprest.

My sovereign lord, quoth he, king James,
Would of your honour gladly hear,
If Rouge Croix was charged in your name,
Such bold words to his grace to bear.

My master doth mistrust his words,
They cannot well be understood;
Likewise do all our peerless lords,
Then soon he told what Rouge Croix said.

Quoth the earl, what does thy master mean
Of herald ours to make such dread,
He did not forge the same, nor feign,
Nor do we any favour need.

Our herald's words, we will justify,
Who truly did the same reveal;
His writings too the same will try,
Which of our arms do bear the seal.

Wherefore I of thy master muse,
Our herald why he handleth so,
And 'gainst all reason doth refuse,
Our message to make answer to.

Then Ilay to the earl replied,
I say, quoth he, so said my lord,
And to your message at this tide,
I shall make answer word for word.

And for Ford-castle first of all,
Which to preserve you make such suit;
To save the same from fire or fall,
My master thereto biddeth mute.

And for the owner of the fort,
Who William Heron hath to name,
My master says, to show you short,
He will not answer to the same.

For Johnston and sir Sandy Hume,
Richard Hume and William Carr,
Our prince himself in person is come,
Them to redeem by dint of war.

If you your message dare make good,
On Friday next in field to fight,
My master with a manful mood,
To mighty Jove hath promised plight,

For to abide the battle bold,
And give your folks fighting their fill,
And that your lordship show I should,
So grateful be his grace until.

As any earl all England thorough,
For if you had such message sent,
To him at home in Edinborough,
He would have answered your intent.

Now if with dint of sword you dare,
Abide his grace in battle bold,
On Friday next, he craves no far,
My message whole now I have told.

A thousand thanks, earl Surrey there,
Unto the royal king did yield,
Whose princely heart did not forbear,
So simple a lord to meet in field.

And then a valiant vow he plight,
That he the battle bold would bide,
And on prefixed day would fight.
Which done, he did command that tide,

The Scottish herald Hay kept,
Should for a season there sojourn,
And in safe custody be kept,
Till time that Rouge Croix did return.

When this the herald Hay heard,
He to the king his servant sent,
Who to his grace all things declared,
With the earl's answer and intent.

The king then Rouge Croix did discharge,
Who hied home to the earl in haste,
Then Ilay was let go at large,
When Rouge Croix came, who was kept fast.

Then Rouge Croix did make true report
To the earl and captains in like case,
As he had seen and in what sort,
The Scottish king encamped was.

Even on the height of Floddon-hill,
Where down below his ordnance lay,
So strong that no man's cunning skill
To fight with him could find a way.

Such mountains steep, such craggy hills,
His army on one side did not lose,
The other side, great grizzly gills,
Did fence about with mire and moss.

Which, when the earl had understood,
He council craved of his captains all,
Who bad set forth with manful mood,
And take such fortune as would fall.

Whereto the earl did soon consent,
And quickly called for a guide,
Lest by the way he harm might hent,
But hark, what happened that tide.

The army pressed thus to proceed,
And all prepared in ranks to fight,
Came on a champion then indeed,
With sword in hand, in armour bright.

At first his face his helmet hid,
Thus plainly have I heard report,
Who swiftly by the ranks did ride,
And to the earl did strait resort.

The army marvelled at this man,
To see him ride in such array,
But what he was, or whence he came,
None of them all could certain say.

When he the earl of Surrey saw,
From off his steed, he leaped there,
And kneeling, gracefully did bow,
Holding his horse and quivering spear.

In little time he silence brake,
My lord, quoth he, afford some grace;
Pardon my life for pity's sake,
For now you are in king Henry's place.

Mercy, my lord, from you I crave,
Freely forgive me mine offence:
Perhaps you shortly may perceive,
Your kindness I shall recompence.

Quoth the earl then, tell us thy name:
Perhaps you have done some heinous deed,
And dare not shew thy face for shame,
What is thy fact, declare with speed.

If thou hast wrought some treason, tell,
Or English blood by murder spilt,
Or hast thou been some rude rebell,
Else we will pardon thee thy guilt.

Then to the earl he did reply,
My lord, my crime it is not such;
The total world I do defy,
No man for treason can me touch.

I grant indeed I wrong have wrought,
Yet disobedience was the worst;
Else I am clear from deed or thought,
And to extreams I have been forced.

And as for hurting English men,
I never hurt man, maid, or wife,
Howbeit, Scots some nine or ten,
At least I have bereaved of life.

Else I in time of wealth and want,
Unto my king persisted true,
Wherefore, good lord, my life now grant,
And then my name I will shortly shew.

Quoth the earl then, pluck up thy heart,
You seem to be a person brave;
Stand up at once, lay dread apart,
Thy pardon freely thou shalt have.

Thou seemest to be a man indeed,
And of thy hands hardy and wight,
Of such a man we will stand in need,
Perchance at Friday next at night.

Then on his feet he started strait,
And thanked the earl for that good tide,
Then on his horse he leaped light,
Saying, my lord, ye lack a guide.

But I shall you conduct full strait
To where the Scots encamped are;
I know of old the Scottish fleight,
And crafty stratagems of war.

Thereto experience hath me taught,
Now I will shew you who I am;
On borders here I was up brought,
And Bastard Heron is my name.

What, quoth the earl, Bastard Heron,
He dyed at least now two years since,
Betwixt Newark and Northampton,
He perished through the pestilence.

Our king to death had deemed the man,
Cause he the Scottish warden slew,
And on our borders first began
Those raging wars for to renew.

But God his purpose did prevent,
He died of the plague, to prove,
King Henry his death did since lament,
He wondrous well the man did love.

Would God thy tale were true this tide,
Thou Bastard Heron might be found,
Thou in this gate should be our guide,
I know right well you know the ground.

I am the same, said he again,
And therewith did unfold his face:
Each person then perceived him plain,
That done, he opened all the case.

Quoth he, when I the Scots warden
Had with my blade bereaved of life,
I knew well I should get no pardon,
But sure I was to suffer death.

In haste king Henry for me sent,
To whom I durst not disobey:
So towards London strait I went,
But, hark, what I wrought by the way.

I nothing but the truth shall note:
That time in many a town and borough,
The pestilence was raging hot,
And raging, reigned all England thorough,

So coming to a certain town,
I said I was infected sore;
And in a lodge they laid me down,
Where company I had no more;

But my own secret servants three,
Who, fraid of townsmen, careful watched;
So in that stead no more staid I,
But homeward by the dark dispatched.

My servants secretly that night,
Did frame a corps in cunning sort;
And on the morning, soon as light,
My death did ruefully report.

And so my servants on that morn
The corps to bury soon were bound;
Crying, alas! like men forlorn,
And seemed for sorrow to fall down.

The corps they cunningly conveyed,
And made the bell aloud be rung;
And money to the priest they paid,
And service for my soul was sung.

Which done, they tidings strait did bring
Unto king Henry, I was dead;
Christ have his soul, then said the king,
For sure he should have lost his head.

If he up to the court had come,
I promised had so, by St. Paul,
But since God did prevent our doom,
Almighty Christ forgive his saul.

To mansion mine, I came at last,
By journeys nimbly, all by night;
And now two years or more are past
Since openly I came in sight.

No wight did know but I was dead
Save my three servants and my wife;
Now am I start up in this stead,
And come again from death to life.

So said, the lords and knights of fame,
From laughing loud could not refrain;
To hear his gando, had good game,
And of his welfare all were fain.

Whose policy they had perceived,
And oftentimes his truth had tried,
Which was the cause so sore they craved,
This Heron grave to be their guide.

Read the fourth part, it makes an end
  Of Heron's story, and the fight.
Let young and old to this attend,
  It will give instruction with delight.

PART IV. FIT. VII.

THEN forth before brave Heron flew,
  The borderers bold to him did draw,
The total army did ensue,
  And came that night to Wooler-Haugh.

The English lords there lodged their host
  Because the place was plain and dry;
And was within six miles at most,
  Whereas their enemies did lie.

The morrow next they were removed,
  Though weather was both foul and ill,
Along down by a pleasant flood,
  Which called is, the water of Till.

And all that day they viewed in sight,
  Whereas the Scots for battle stood,
Because the day was spent, that night
  The army lodged at Barmoor wood.

Then valiantly, with the vanguard,
The morrow next, with mature skill,
The admiral did march forward,
And passed over the water of Till.

At Twizle bridge, with ordnance,
And other engines, fit for war,
His father eke did forth advance,
And at Millfield from thence not far,

With the rereward, the river past,
All ready in ranks and battle-array,
They had no need more time to waste,
For victuals they had none that day.

But black fasting as they were born,
From flesh or fish, or other food;
Drink had they none two days before,
But water won in running flood.

Yet they such stedful faiths did bear
Unto their king and native land;
Each one to other then did swear,
Gainst foes to fight while they could stand,

And never flee, while life did last,
But rather die by dint of sword:
Thus over plains and hills they past,
Until they came to Sandyford;

A brook, of breadth a taylor's yard,
Where the earl of Surrey thus did say,
Good fellow soldiers be not afraid,
But fight it out like men this day.

Like English men now play your parts,
Bestow your strokes with stomach bold,
Ye know the Scottish toward hearts,
And how we have scourged them of old.

Strike but three strokes with stomach stout,
And shoot each man sharp arrows three,
And you shall see without all doubt,
The scolding Scots begin to flee.

Think on your country's commonwealth,
In what estate the same shall stand,
To Englishmen no hopes of health,
If Scotsmen gain the upper hand.

If we should not them boldly bide,
But, cowards-like, from them should turn;
All England north, from Trent to Tweed,
The haughty Scots would harry and burn.

Your faithful wives, and daughters pure,
They would not stick for to defile;
Of life none could be safe and sure,
But murdered be by villains vile.

But if you will fight like souls most fierce,
So that by force we win the field,
My tongue cannot tell and rehearse
What plenteous soil we then shall wield.

Besides all that, perpetual praise
Throughout all ages we shall gain,
And quietly pass out our days;
And in a lasting peace remain.

Agreed;—the soldiers then replied,
And to the earl they promised plight,
There on that bent boldly to bide,
And never flee, but fiercely fight.

Then marched forth the men of war,
And every band their banners shewed;
And trumpets hoarse were heard afar,
And harness glittering was viewed.

Thus they past forth along the plain,
And strait forth by a valley low;
Whence up above, on the mountain,
The Scotch army they clearly saw.

Which they did leave on the left hand,
And past forth on the Surrey side,
Till twixt the Scots and Scottish land,
[illegible] were conducted by their guide.

Now all this while the king of Scots
Beheld them fair before his eyne,
Within his mind drove many doubts,
Musing what the English did mean.

Giles Musgrave, then, a gainful Greek,
And friend familiar with the king,
Said, now, sir king, if you do seek,
To know the English men's meaning.

You better notice cannot have,
Than that which I to you shall tell,
What they forecast, I full conceive,
I know their meaning passing well.

Your marches they mean for to sack,
And borders yours to harry and burn,
Wherefore its best that we go back,
From such intent them for to turn.

This Musgrave was a man of skill,
And spake this for a policy,
To cause the king come down the hill,
That so the battle tried might be.

The king gave credit to his words,
Trusting his talk was void of train,
He with consent of all his lords,
Did march with speed down to the plain.

By north there was another hill,
Which Branxton-hill is called by name,
The Scots there scoured with right good will,
Lest the English men should get the same.

The litter which they left behind,
And other filth on fire they set,
Whose dusty smoak the light did blind,
That both the armies soon they met.

For when the weather waxed clear
And smoak consumed within a while,
The armies both in distance were,
Not past a quarter of a mile.

Then the admiral did plain aspect
The Scots arrayed in battles four,
The man was sage and circumspect,
And soon perceived that his power

So great a strength could not gainstand,
Wherefore he to his father sent,
Desiring him strait out of hand,
With the rereward ready to be bent,

And join with him in equal ground:
Whereto the earl agreed anon,
Then drums struck up with dreadful sound,
And trumpets blew with doleful tune.

Then sounding bows were soon up bent,
Some did their arrows sharp up take,
Some did in hand their halbards hent,
Some rusty bills did ruffling shake.

FIT. VIII.

THEN ordnance great anon out-brast,
On either side with thundering thumps,
And roaring guns with fire fast,
Then levelled out great leaden lumps.

With rumbling rage thus Vulcan's art,
Began this fierce and dreadful fight,
But the arch-gunner on the English part,
The master Scot did mark so right.

That he with bullet brust his brain,
And hurled his heels his head above,
Then piped he such a peal again,
The Scots he from their ordnance drove.

So by the Scots artillery,
The English men no harm did hend;
But the English gunner grievously,
Them tennis-balls did sousing send.

Into the midst of the enemies ranks,
  Where they in furious rage down rushed,
Some shouting laid with broken shanks,
  Some crying laid with members crushed.

Thus Englismen with bombard shot,
  Their enemies down thick they threw;
But yet the Scots, with stomachs stout,
  Their broken ranks did still renew.

And when the roaring guns did cease
  To handy strokes they hied apace;
And with their total power did press,
  To join with enemies face to face.

Then Englishmen, a feathered flight
  Sent out anon from sounding bow,
Which wounded many a warlike wight;
  And many a groom to ground did throw.

The gray-goose wings did work such grief,
  And did the Scots so scour and skail;
For in their battle, to be brief,
  They rattling flew as rank as hail.

That many a soldier on the soil,
  Lay dead that day through dint of dart,
The arrows keen kept such a coil,
  [illegible]d wounded many to the heart.

They pierced the scalp of many a Scot,
So that on ground they groaning fell,
Some had his shoulder quite through shot,
Some losing life did loudly yell.

One from his leg the lance would pull,
Another through his stomach stricked;
Some bleeding, bellowed like a bull,
Some were through privy members pricked.

But yet the Scots still stout did stand,
Till arrow-shot at last was done,
And then they went to strokes of hand,
And at the last did battle join.

Then on the English part with speed,
The bills stept forth, and bows went back,
The moorish pikes, and mells of lead,
Did deal there many a dreadful thwack.

The Englishmen stretcht east and west,
And southward did their faces set;
The Scotchmen northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.

First, westward of a wing there was
Sir Edmund Howard, captain chief,
With whom did pass, in equal mace,
Sir Brian Tunstall, to the knief.

With whom encountered a strong Scot,
Who was the king's chief chamberlain,
Lord Hume by name, of courage hot,
Who manfully marched them again.

Ten thousand Scots, well tried and told,
Under his standard stout he led;
When the Englishmen did them behold,
For fear at first they would have fled,

Had not the valiant Tunstall been,
Who still stept on with stomach stout,
Crying, come on, good countrymen,
Now fiercely let us fight it out.

Let not the number of our foes,
Your manful hearts minish or shake;
Nor ever let the world suppose,
That Scotchmen made us turn our back.

Like doughty lads, let us rather die,
And from our blood take all rebuke:
With edged tools now let us try;
Then from the ground he mould up took,

And did the same in mouth receive
In token of his Maker dear;
Which, when his people did perceive,
His valiant heart renewed their chear.

Then first before, in foremost ray,
The trusty Tunstall bold forth sprung;
His stomach could no longer stay,
But thundering thrust into the throng.

And as true men did make report
In present place which did on look,
He was the first, for to be short,
On the English part, that proffered stroke.

All those that he with halbert wrought,
He made to stagger in that stound;
And many a man to ground he brought,
And dealt there many a deadly wound.

And forward still gainst foes he flew,
And threshing turned them all to teen;
Where he a noble Scotchman slew,
Who called was sir Malkin Keene.

He still his foes pursued fast,
And weapon in Scotch blood he warmed,
And slaughter lashed, till at the last
The Scots so thick about him swarmed,

That he from succour covered was,
And from his men which Scots had skailed,
Yet for all that he kept his place,
He fiercely fought and never failed.

Till with an edged sword one came,
And at his legs below did dash;
And near a score of Scots, the same,
Upon his helmet high did clash.

Though he could not withstand such strength,
Yet never would he flee nor yield,
Alas! for want of aid, at length,
He slain was fighting in the field.

Down fell this valiant active knight,
His body great, on ground did lie;
But up to Heaven, with angels bright,
His golden ghost did fluttering fly.

Who, now, entombed, lies at a church,
Carved out in stone to shew his fate,
That though, by fate, left in the lurch,
He died a death renowned and great.

After his fall the people fled,
And all that wing did fall to wrack,
Some fighting fierce died in the stead,
The rest for terror turned their back.

Save sir Edmund Howard all alone,
Who with his standard-bearer yet,
Seeing his folks all fled and gone;
In haste to vanguard hyed to get.

But he Scot-free had not so scaped,
For why, right hot sir David Hume,
With troop of horse had him entrapped,
Had not John Bastard Heron come

With half a score of horsemen light,
Crying, now Howard, have good heart
For unto death till we be dight,
I promise here to take thy part.

Which heard then Howard's heart up drew
And with the spearmen forth he sprung,
And fierce amongst their foes they flew,
Where David Hume down dead they flung.

Then many a Scot that stout did stand,
With dreadful stroke they did reward;
So Howard, through bold Heron's hand,
Came safe and sound to the vanguard.

Where the admiral, with strength extent,
Then in the field fierce fighting was,
Gainst whom in battle bold was bent,
Two Scotch earls of an ancient race.

One Crawford called, the other Montross,
Who led twelve thousand Scotchmen strong,
Who manfully met with their foes,
With leaden mells and lances long.

Their battering blows made shift sound,
There many a sturdy stroke was given;
And many a baron brought to ground,
And many a gunner thrust was riven.

But yet, in time, through mighty force
The admiral quit himself so well,
And wrought so, that the Scots had worst,
For down in field both earls they fell.

Now the earl Surrey next by east,
Most fiercely 'gainst his foes he fought;
Gainst whom king James, in battle prest,
With banners blazed, his battle brought.

Under which was many a baron bold,
And many a lord of lusty blood;
And trusty knights well tried and told:
With mitred prelates passing proud,

With the earl of Caithness and Cassel,
The earl of Morton and of Mar;
With Errol, Addell, and Atholl,
With Bothwell bold, and of Glencarr.

And Lovett led a lusty power,
So Clustone, Inderby, and Ross;
Lord [illegible]well, with his brethren four,
[illegible]hwick, Bargeny, and Forbes.

Lord Erskine, Sinclair, and Sempel,
With them well tried a mighty sum;
All with the king came down the hill,
With Cawell, Kay, and Caddy Hume.

With captains great and commons stout,
Bove twenty thousand men at least,
All with the king most fierce on foot,
Against their foes themselves addrest.

Now the earl of Surrey on the English side
Encouraged his soldiers keen,
Crying, good fellows, strike this tide,
Let now your valiant acts be seen.

Then spears and pikes to work were put,
And blows with cutting axes dealt.
Then towering helmets through were cut,
That some their wounds scarce ever felt.

On one side death triumphant reigned
And stopt their pains as well as groans;
Of those who piercing wounds had gained
The hills did echo with the moans.

Then on the Scottish part right proud
The earl of Bothwell did out-burst,
And stepping forth with stomach good;
Unto the English fierce did thrust.

And Bothwell, Bothwell, cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue;
But there he catched a welcome cold;
A valiant Englishman him slew.

Thus Herbert, through his haughty heart
His fatal end in conflict found;
Now all this while, on either part,
Was dealt full many a deadly wound.

On either side were soldiers slain
And stricken down with strength of hand,
That who should win, none could say plain,
The victory in doubt did stand.

FIT. IX.

But at the last great Stanley stout,
Came marching up the mountain steep;
His folks could hardly fast their feet,
Forced on hands and knees to creep.

Some from the leg the boot would draw,
That loose it might take the better hold,
Some from the foot the shoe would thraw;
Thus of true men I have been told.

The sweat down from their bodies ran,
And hearts did hop in panting breast,
Until the mountain-top they wan,
In warlike-wise are Scotsmen wist.

Where for a while brave Stanley staid,
Until his folks had taken breath;
To whom at last even thus he said,
Most hardy mates, down from this heath,

Against our foes fast let us hye,
Our valiant countrymen to aid;
With fighting fierce, much fear have I,
Lest that they should be overlaid.

My Lancashire most lively wights,
And chosen men from Cheshire strong;
With sounding bow your feathered flights
Let fiercely fly your foes among.

March down from this high mountain-top,
And brunt of battle let us bide
With stomach stout, let us make no stop,
Stanley will be to you a guide.

A scourge for Scots my father was,
He Berwick town from them did gain;
No doubt but ere this day shall pass,
His son like fortune shall obtain.

And now the earl of Surrey sore
The Scots I see besets this tide;
But since with foes he fights before,
We will suddenly set on the side.

The noise then made the mountains ring,
And Stanley stout they all did cry:
Out went anon the grey-goose wing,
And amongst the Scots did fluttering fly.

And though the Scots at Stanley's name
Were stonished sore, yet stout they stood;
And for defence did fiercely frame,
A narrow dint of dangerous bode.

Lord Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes,
With them ten thousand Scotsmen strong;
Endured death through danger's force,
Alas! for them, they staid too long.

Which when lord Stanley stout did see,
Into the throng, he thundering thrust;
My Lancashire brave lads, quoth he,
Down with the Scots this day we must.

Then foes he forced to break their ray,
And many a life was lost that while,
No voice was heard but kill and slay,
Down goes the Scots earl of Argyle.

The earl of Lenox, luck had like,
He slain was fighting fierce that tide:
Lord Forbes, Bargeny, and Borthwick,
Upon that bent did breathless bide.

And so the earl of Huntley's hap
Had been resembled to the rest,
But that through skill he made escape,
With an English blade he had been blest.

For having near a horse at hand,
On him he scouring scaped away,
Else doubtless, as the case did stand,
On Floddon hill he had died that day.

After these lords were dead or fled,
And companies left captainless;
Their soldiers then did fly with speed:
With souls of horror and distress.

Whom Stanley, with his total strength
Swiftly pursues unto the plain,
Where, on the king he light at length;
Who fighting was with all his main.

When his approach the king perceived,
With stomach stout he him withstood;
His Scots right bravely then behaved,
And battle boldly there abode.

Then showers of arrows fierce were shot,
Which did each side so pierce and gaul,
That ere they came to handy strokes,
Great numbers on the ground did fall.

The king himself was wounded sore,
An arrow in his forehead light,
That he could scarce fight any more,
The blood so blemished his sight.

Fight on, my men, the king then said,
Yet fortune she may turn the scale,
And for my wounds be not dismayed,
Nor ever let your courage fail.

Thus dying, did he brave appear,
Till shades of death did close his eyes.
Till then he did his soldiers chear,
And raise their courage to the skies.

But what availed his valour great
Or bold device, it was all in vain:
His captains keen failed at his feet,
And standard-bearer too was slain.

The archbishop of St Andrews brave,
King James his son in base begot,
That doleful day did death receive,
With many a lusty lord-like Scot.

Lord Erskine, Sinclair, and Sempel,
Morton and Fair for all their power,
The earl of Erroll and Atholl,
Lord Maxwell, with his brethren four.

And last of all, amongst the lave,
King James himself to death gave way,
Yet by whose hands none could perceive,
But Stanley still most like was he.

After the king and captains slain,
The commons strait did fall to ground;
The Englishmen pursued amain,
And never ceased till sun went down.

Then the earl Surrey caused to sound
A trumpet to retreat anon;
And captains caused to keep their ground,
Till morrow next while night was gone.

And the English soldiers all that night,
Although they weary were with toil;
Of Scotsmen costly slain in fight,
Of jewels rich spared not to spoil.

The carcase of the king himself
Naked was left as it was found,
The earl could not know it right,
Searching the same upon the ground.

Till the lord Dacres, at the last,
By certain signs did know the king;
His corps into a cart being placed
They to Newcastle did it bring.

Twelve thousand Scots it seems were slain,
Of English but five thousand fell;
But fifteen hundred, others plain;
As words can make it, to us tell.

Great store of guns were likewise taken,
Amongst the rest seven culverines;
Seven sisters called, which do remain,
To be talked of to latest times.

King James's body was embalmed,
Sweet, like a king, and then was sent
To Shene in Surrey, where entombed,
Some say there is now a monument.

But Bryan Tunstall, that brave knight,
A never-dying honour gains.
And will, as long as day and night,
Or as this little book remains.

Thus have you heard of Floddon-fight,
Worthy of each to be commended;
Because that then old England's right
Was bravely by her sons defended.

NOTES

ON THE

BATTLE OF FLODDON.

N Denotes words which are now ſpoken in the North.

PAGE 51. Fit ſignifies diviſion or part.

52. Great Howard. Thomas Howard, earl of Surry, was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of Barnet. He was made knight of the garter 1 Rich. III. He was taken priſoner in the battle of Boſworth, committed to the tower by Hen. VII. and attainted by parliament. K. Henry aſked him how he durſt bear arms on behalf of that tyrant Richard; to which he anſwered, "He was my crowned king, and if the parliamentary authority of England ſet the crown upon a ſtock, I will fight for that ſtock, and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you, when you are eſtabliſhed by the ſame authority".— A. 1514, the earl was created duke of Norfolk.— He died 1524.

54. Mack, match. Mackleſs, matchleſs, N.

— Latham Houſe, near Ormſkirk, in Lancaſhire, is famous for ſuſtaining a ſiege of two years againſt the parliamentary army, being moſt gallantly defended by Charlotte, counteſs of Derby, who maintained the place till prince Rupert came with the king's forces, and compelled the enemy to raiſe the ſiege, A. 1644.

PAGE 76. Norham caſtle. A. D. 1121, Ralph Flamberg, biſhop of Durham, built Norham caſtle on the top of a ſteep rock, and moated it round He finiſhed alſo the preſent cathedral church of Durham, which was begun by his predeceſſor, William de Sancto Carilepho, A 1080, who died A. 1097. Flamberg alſo built Framwellgate bridge in Durham He died in 1128. The keep or tower of Norham was deſtroyed by the Scots, and afterwards rebuilt by Hugh Pudſey, by the command of his couſin, king Stephen. He died A. 1195.

77. O king. The king by the advice of this traitor deſcended from Ladykirk Bank into the flat ground, near the Tweed, now called the Gin-haugh, whence, with his cannon, he threw down the north eaſt corner of the caſtle wall, a large fragment of which now lies by the ſide of the river. Biſhop Tunſtall, in queen Elizabeth's time, rebuilt the wall; this is now very diſtinguiſhable from the old work.

79. Fee Wages. N.

— The traitor. A field near the caſtle, in which this traitor was hanged, is now called the hangman's land. It was fated to this invincible caſtle, that the betrayer of it ſhould periſh, and likewiſe the enemy, by whom this traitor was executed. There is a tradition here, that the king was told where the caſtle-wall was weakeſt, by a letter fixed to an arrow, ſhot over the Tweed, into his camp.

80. St Cuthbert, according to the monkiſh writers, was born of royal blood in Ireland; but others ſay, probably with more truth, in the north of England. He was nominated the ſixth biſhop of Holy Iſland, by king Egbert, and died at the Farne Iſland, A. 686.

St. Cuthbert was depoſited at Norham. Whether he diſliked his damp ſituation, or began to fear another viſit from his old foes, the Danes, is not at preſent known; but after having lain there ſome time, near a well, which now bears his name, he ordered his monks to carry him twenty miles up the Tweed, to Melroſs, in Scotland. He quarrelled with this place alſo; upon which, by his directions, they put him in a ſtone boat, in which he ſailed down the Tweed, to Tilmouth, where he landed. We cannot find how long he abode there. He was afterwards removed into Yorkſhire, then to Cheſter, and thence to Durham, where he remains.

Not many years ſince a farmer of Cornhill coveted the ſaint's ſtone boat, in order to keep pickled beef in it. Before this profane loon could convey it away, the ſaint came in the night-time, and broke it in pieces.

Soon after the battle of Nevil's Croſs, A. 1346, John Foſſer, prior of Durham made a new banner, and conſecrated it to St. Cuthbert. The banners of St. Cuthbert, king James, and many Scotch noblemen were brought from Floddon, and ſet up in the feretory of St. Cuthbert, in the cathedral of Durham, in which they remained till the abbey was ſuppreſſed by king Henry, when it, together with the exceedingly rich ſhrine of the ſaint, was plundered of its furniture, gold and jewels.

83. Tide; i. e. time. Thus Shrovetide.

— The Lothian Knight. John Barton, when with his brothers, Robert and Andrew, received letters of mark from James IV. in order to revenge the death

of their father, captain John, who was killed by the Portuguese, in the reign of James III.

Page 89. Fleet of France. Sir Edward Howard, A. 1513, admiral of a fleet of forty-two men of war, was the first that boarded the French admiral's ship in Conquest Harbour, near Brest. He, being unknown, was pushed over-board with a spear, and drowned.

89. Guerdon. French. A reward.

91. Blin, ceafe. M.

94. Stint, ſtop. M.

— Lord Talbot. The ſword of John Talbot, earl of Shrewſbury, was found out the river of Dordon, and ſold by a peaſant to an armourer of Bordeaux. It had the following inſcriptions:

Sum Talboti 1453. Pro vincere inimico meo.

— Richard III. was killed A. 1485. He had for his device, a white boar.

95. Dint. Stroke, impreſſion. M.

— Dight. Dreſſed, prepared. M.

96. Malcolm III. was killed, together with his ſon, at a place called Malcolm's well, near Alnwick, about 1093.

— King David. Many nobles of Scotland, and 15,000 men were ſlain in this battle of 1346, in the time of Edward III. Part of Nevil's Croſs, erected upon this occaſion, is now ſtanding.

— The earl, &c. In this battle, fought A. 1402, were ſlain twenty-ſeven Scotch knights, and 10,000 men. Murdacke, earl of Fife, ſon to Robert, Duke of Albany, governor of Scotland, Archibald, earl of Douglas, Thomas, earl of Murray, George, earl of Angus, and ſeveral other nobles were taken priſoners, in a valley near Hamildon, by Henry, lord Percy, ſon

to the earl of Northumberland, and George of Dunbar, earl of March.

age 99. Henry Lord Clifford, of Clifford, was remarkably preserved from the fury of the Duke of York, who would have killed him, on account of the cruelties which his father had committed. He was concealed and brought up as a shepherd in the mountains of Cumberland, for twenty-four years, having never learnt to read or write.

100. Stour. Duſt in motion, metaphorically, battle. N.

101. Sir Thomas Metham, Sir William Sidney, Sir John Everingham.

102. Sir Brian Tunſtal of Thurland Caſtle, in Lancaſhire, father of Cuthbert, biſhop of Durham, and the laſt biſhop who treated with the Scots upon the borders. There are deſcendants ſeated at Wycliff, near the river Tees.

103. Thalian, ſuppoſed to be uſed for Theſſalian.

— Martia Sware. A German colonel, under the command of John, earl of Lincoln, defeated by Henry VII. at Stoke, near Newark.

105. Wend. To go. Obſolete. The paſt time, went, is only now in uſe.

108. Blin. Ceaſe.

111. Bleſs. Wound; from Bleſſer, French.

119. Ilay kept. Should be clept; i. e. called from the obſolete verb, clepe.

120. Ollis. Narrow Vallies. M.

— Hent. Catch.

123 Wight. Nimble, active, ſtout.

— This ſtory of Baſtard Heron is not to be found in the Engliſh Hiſtory. See note, pa. 57.

124. Deemed. Judged. From the Saxon deman.

PAGE 124. Gate. Way. M.

— King Henry VIII.

126. Doom. Judicial ſentence.

— Gando. The text may be here erroneous. Perhaps the poet wrote Gano, a Spaniſh word, uſed at the game of Ombre. Or our author may allude to a ball, with which the Lapland wizards divert themſelves, called by them Gand, here lengthened to Gando.

128. Black-faſting. A N. C. phraſe.

— Sandyford. A rivulet near Crookham, in the pariſh of Ford.

129. Harry. Plunder. N.

130. Bent. Field A long kind of graſs, which grows in Northumberland, near the ſea, and is uſed for thatch, is called bent.

— Surrey Side. Should be the ſunny ſide, i. e. on the north ſide.

131. A gainful Greek. A fraudulent man.

132. Battle four; i. e. four wings.

133. Hent. To lay hold on.

134. Groom. A young man.

— Skail. Diſperſe.

135. Mace. Perhaps ſhould be pace.

136. March them again. Againſt. N.

137. Teen. Sorrow. N.

138. It is ſaid, that there is a monument of Bryan Tunſtal, in the N. W. of Yorkſhire, upon which is his effigy, lying in armour.

— Stead. Place.

139. John Lindſay, E. of Crawford. William Graham, E. of Montroſe.

[illegible]. Mitred prelates. George Hepburn, biſhop of the

iſles, and another biſhop whoſe name is unknown.

AGE 140. William Sinclair, E. of Caithneſs. David Kennedy, E. of Caſſils John Douglas, E. of Morton. William Hay, E. of Errol. John Stuart, E. of Athol. Patrick Hepburn, E. of Bothwell. Cuthbert Cunningham, E. of Glencairn. Thomas Fraſer, maſter of Lovat. Sir Patrick Houſton, of Houſton. Thomas Stuart, Lord Innermeath. John Lord Roſs. Sir James Roſs, the chief of a Higland clan, was likewiſe at this battle.

141. Patrick Hepburn, E. of Bothwell.

142. Herbert ſhould be Hepburn.

— Thus of true men. It would ſeem by this verſe that it was not written long after the battle of Floddon.

143. Wan. Gained. N.

— Wiſt. Knew. N.

145. Malcolm Stuart, E. of Lennox.

146. But what availed. The Scots caſt themſelves into a ring, who were all ſlain with the King, except Sir William Scott, and Sir John Forman, who were taken priſoners. The battle laſted three hours.

147. Fair, perhaps ſhould be Ker.

148. By certain ſigns. The day after the battle, the body of king James was found; a great number of noblemen lay dead round the king, whoſe body, though much defaced, was known by Lord Dacres, Sir Wm. Scott, and Sir John Forman.

Seven Siſters. Seven braſs cannon of a very wide bore, called the Seven Siſters, taken in the battle, and ſent to Berwick by the earl of Surrey.

King James's body. The king's body was brought to Berwick, and there embowelled, embalmed and cered, and incloſed in lead, and ſecretly conveyed to London, and entombed at Sheene, in Surrey.

THE

HERMIT

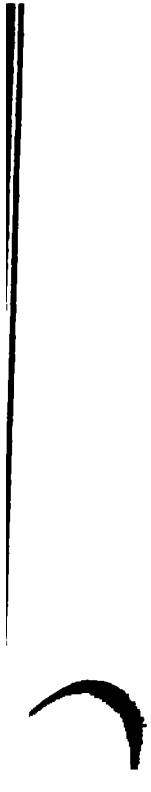
OF

WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland Ballad,

IN THREE FITS OR CANTOS.



TO HER GRACE

ELIZABETH,

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS

OF

Northumberland,

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY, &c. &c. &c.

Down in a northern vale wild flow'rets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale;
The muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scattered o'er the dale.

O lady, may so slight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find!
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear:
But all for you the muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble ancestors appear;

She seeks no other praise, if you commend,
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH Castle, in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our Latin Historians, Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a hermitage; of which the chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for an ante-chapel and vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the chapel, is thought to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is, however, very

beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic church or cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the chapel, is, a small tomb or monument, on the south side of the altar: on the top of which, lies a female figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: whereas the figure of the bull's head, which is rudely carved at this lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures, which as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and

foundation of this hermitage, tomb, &c. are delivered to the reader in the following rhymes.

It is universally agreed, that the founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently lords of Bothal castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same Bertram, that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of king Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of king Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest which is placed at the lady's feet on the tomb; for Cambden† informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of king Edward II.

These appearances, still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family, who lived at a later period.

* Tanner's Mon. Ang. † See his Remains.

THE

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT. I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And, snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful steps and slow;
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below:

O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray:
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said;
The lady's safe and well:
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They loved each other dear:
The youth he press'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:
The youth was tall with manly bloom,
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest-green,
With bugle-horn so bright:
She in a silken robe and scarf
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the sage;
Sweet rest your limbs require:
Then heaps fresh fewel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;
The youthful couple say:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is near? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?

Alas! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honors reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, 'mid Scottish hills
The Percy lives unknown:
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!—
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the Percy still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bless me, father, said the youth,
For I thy guest am he.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head:

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair.

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienced youth.

In Scotland I have been nobly bred
Beneath the regent's hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb,
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble Neville's house
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, Percy, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of ragged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
He flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came;
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:
Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight
Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing then to gain consent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening as the night drew on,
  Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
  And gain'd this lonely wood:

Then lighting from our weary steeds
  To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
  And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said;
  Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed;
  —— We'll pass the night below.

NOTES,

ON FIT. 1. PAGE 171.

" Beneath the regent's hand,"

Robert Stuart, duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

PAGE 172.

" Till in the noble Neville's houſe"

Ralph Neville, firſt earl of Weſtmoreland, whoſe principal reſidence was at Raby caſtle, in the biſhoprick of Durham.

PAGE 173.

" Siſter of haughty Bolingbroke,"

Joan, counteſs of Weſtmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-ſiſter of K. Henry IV.

PAGE 174.

— " We'll paſs the night below."

Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the chapel of the hermitage, are the remains of a ſmall building, in which the hermit dwelt. This conſiſted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the chapel, cut in the ſolid rock, is ſtill very intire and perfect.

FIT. II.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled:
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast?
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride?

Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss compleat.

O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banish'd wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet isle,
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee:

'Tis father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed;
To Raby castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Mean time in love and daliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
  Three sacred vaults he shows:
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
  On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
  That should a chapel grace;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
  And holy water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
  Invites to godly fear;
And in a little scutcheon hung
  The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
  Two easy steps ascend;
And near a glimmering solemn light
  Two well wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
  All in the living stone;
On which a young and beauteous maid
  In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
  Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
  And near to these her crest.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek:

Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place;
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
The castle rung around:
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
" How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
" First led his northern band.

" Brave Galfrid next to Normandy
" With venturous Rollo came;
" And from his Norman castles won
" Assum'd the Percy name.

" They sung, how in the conqueror's fleet
" Lord William ship'd his powers,
" And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
[illegible] all her lands and towers.

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,
" There bravely fought and dy'd:
" But first the silver crescent wan,
" Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

" They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
" The queen's own brother wed
" Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
" In princely Brabant bred.

" How he the Percy name revived,
" And how his noble line
" Still foremost in their country's cause
" With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall:
When, lo! a damsel young and fair
Step'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helme
And thrice he kiss'd the same:
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord Percy, and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more;
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side
They hem sir Bertram round:
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain;
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift!
—— His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
And weltering in his gore
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love;
Her father kindly said;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came,
Fair Isabel ne'er appears:
Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
He bless'd the soothing sound;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

NOTES,

ON FIT. 2. PAGE 177.

" To all thy friends and thee;"

In the little iſland of Coquet, near Warkworth, are ſtill ſeen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-abbey.

PAGE 179.

" And near to theſe her creſt."

This is a bull's head, the creſt of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here deſcribed are ſtill viſible; only ſomewhat effaced with length of time.

PAGE 181.

" Yon towers her dwelling place;"

Widdrington caſtle is about five miles ſouth of Warkworth.

PAGE 182.

" Firſt led his northern band."

See Dugdale's baronage, &c.

" Aſſum'd the Percy name."

In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the ſurname De Percy.

PAGE 182.

" With all her lands and towers."

William De Percy, (fifth in deſcent from Galfrid, or Geffrey de Percy, ſon of Mainfred,) aſſiſted in the conqueſt of England, and had given him the large poſſeſſions in Yorkſhire, of Emma de Porte, (ſo the Norman writers name her,) whoſe father, a great Saxon lord, had been ſlain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generoſity, married: for having had all her lands beſtowed upon him by the Conqueror, " he (to uſe the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in diſcharging of his conſcience." See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.)— He died at Mountjoy, near Jeruſalem, in the firſt cruſade.

PAGE 183.

" In princely Brabant bred."

Agnes de Percy, ſole heireſs of her houſe, married Joſceline de Lovain, youngeſt ſon of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother to queen Adeliza, ſecond wife of king Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was anceſtor of the earls of Northumberland. His ſon, lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-five barons, choſen to ſee the Magna Charta duly obſerved.

PAGE 187.

" To Wark's fair caſtle bore."

Wark caſtle, a fortreſs belonging to the Engliſh, and of great note in ancient times, ſtood on the ſouthern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the eaſt of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelſo. It is now intirely deſtroyed.

FIT. III.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy lady fair.

Now out alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sigh'd;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
  One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
  To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote sir Bertram's heart,
  And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
  'Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
  And with sad boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
  His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
  O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
  And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
  And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
  Till she is restored agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
  O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
  And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sate under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee;
But thou art sad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!

Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son; perchance, (he said)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd what harm had hap'd,
What lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here
Without offence or wrong?

My lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here
My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas, I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
'Till near the morning tide;
When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly;
But what can scape the lover's ken?
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said;
My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd?
For me what dangers run?

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:—
Sir Bertram could no further hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor! yield that lady up!—
And quick his sword he drew;
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow;
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word;
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!—
And here the hermit paus'd, and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stab'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow?
The hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake never more,
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

Bertram, she said, I still was true;
Thou only had'st my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

For thee, I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love,
I had refus'd with scorn;
He slew my guards and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn:

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd;
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometime fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay:

And rising up in furious haste
I seiz'd the bloody brand:
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A croud, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward;
And seizing me to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were convey'd;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And oft to end it sought;
Till time, and thought, and holy men
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild:

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely anchoret
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beside this murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike son,
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old sire;
And guided by his sage advice
To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
  At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
  Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her nephew's throne
  The royal grace implor'd:
To all the honours of his race
  The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful earl still more and more
  Admir'd his beauteous dame:
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
  All worthy of their name.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

NOTES

ON FIT 3. PAGE 204.

" I liv'd to mourn his godlike ſon,"

Hotſpur.

PAGE 205.

" She ſuppliant at her nephew's throne"

King Henry V. A. D. 1414.

THE account given in the foregoing ballad of young Percy, the ſon of Hotſpur, receives the following confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby.

" Henry Percy, the ſon of Sir Henry Percy, that was ſlayne " at Shreweſbery, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of the erle " of Marche, after the death of his father and grauntſyre, was " exiled into Scotland* in the time of king Henry the fourth: " but in the time of king Henry the fifth, by the labour of

* Remained an exile in Scotland during the reign of king Henry IV. In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti. [illegible] penes Duc. North.

" Johanne the countes of Westmerland, (whoſe daughter " Alianor he had wedded in coming into England) he reco- " vered the king's grace, and the countye of Northumberland, " ſo was the ſecond erle of Northumberland.

" And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX ſonnes, and III " daughters whoſe names be Johanne, that was buried at Whyt- " hye: Thomas, lord Egremont: Katheryne Gray, of Rythyn: " Sir Raffe Percy: William Percy, a Byſhopp; Richard Percy: " John, that dyed without iſſue: (another John, called by " Vincent* 'Johannes Percy ſenior de Warkworth:') George " Percy, clerk: Henry, that dyed without iſſue. Anne——"

(beſides the eldeſt ſon and ſucceſſor here omitted, becauſe he comes in below, viz.)

" Henry Percy, the third erle of Northumberland."

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the Britiſh Muſeum.

* See his great Baronag. No. 20. in the Herald's office.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the chapel doors, it is believed that the text there inſcribed was that latin verſe of the pſalmiſt,* which is in our tranſlation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is alſo certain, that the memory of the firſt hermit was held in ſuch regard and veneration by the Percy family, that they afterwards maintained a chantry prieſt, to reſide in the hermitage, and celebrate maſs in the chapel: whoſe allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the diſſolution of the monaſteries: after which the whole ſalary, together with the hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no record, which fixes the date of the foundation, or gives any particular account of the firſt hermit; but the following inſtrument will ſhow the liberal exhibition afforded to his ſucceſſors. It is the patent granted to the laſt hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of grants, &c. of the VI earl of Northumberland, in Henry VIII time.†

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

"Henry erle of Northumbreland, &c. Knowe youe that I, the ſaide erle, in conſideration of the diligent and thankfull ſervice, that my welbeloved chaplen ſir George Lancaſtre hath

* Pſal. xlii. 3. † Claſſed, P. 1. No. 1. penes Duc. Northumb.

don unto me the ſaid erle, and alſo for the goode and vertu diſpoſition that I do perceyve in him: and for that he ſha have in his daily recommendation and praiers the good eſtat of all ſuch noble blode and other perſonages, as be now levynge and the ſoules of ſuch noble blode as be departed to the mercy c God owte of this preſent lyve, whos names are conteyned an wrettyn in a table upon perchment ſigned with thande of me th ſaid erle, and delivered to the cuſtodie and keapynge of th ſaid ſir George Lancaſter; and further, that he ſhall kepe an ſaye his devyn ſervice in celebratyng and doynge maſſe c requiem every weke accordinge as it ys written and ſet furt in the ſaide table: have geven and graunted, and by thei preſentes do gyve and graunte unto the ſaid ſir George, my Armytage belded in a rock of ſtone within my parke of Wark worth in the countie of Northumbreland in the honour of th bleſſed trynete, with a yerly ſtipende of twenty merks b yer,* from the feeſt of ſeint Michell tharchaungell laſt pa affore the date herof yerly duryng the naturall lyve of the ſai ſir George: and alſo I the ſaid erle have geven and graunte and by theſe preſents do gyve and graunte unto the ſaid ſi George Lancaſter, the occupation of one little greſground c myn called Cony-garth nygh adjoynynge the ſaid Harmytage only to his owne uſe and prouſit wynter and ſomer duryng the ſaid terme; the garden and orteyarde belonging the ſai Armytage; the gate† and paſture of twelf kye and a bull, witl their calves ſuking; and two horſes goying and beyng withi my ſaid parke of Warkworth wynter and ſomer; one draugh of fiſhe every Sondaie in the yere to be drawen fornenſt‡ th ſaid Armytage, called the Trynete Draught; and twenty lod of fyrewode to be taken of my wodds called Shilbotell Wode

C C

* This would be equal to 100l. per annum now. See th Chronicon Pretioſum. † i. e. Going: from the verb, to ga ‡ Or *fore-anenſt*: i. e. oppoſite.

duryng the ſaid terme. The ſaid ſtipend of xx merks by ye to be taken and perceyved* yerly of the rent and ferme of my fyſſhyng of Warkworth, by thands of the fermour or fermour of the ſame for the tyme beynge yerly at the times ther uſed and accuſtomed by evyn portions.

In wytnes whereof to thes my letres patentes I the ſaid erle have ſet the ſeale of myn armes: Yeven undre my ſignet at my caſtell of Warkworth, the third daie of December, in the xxiii yer o the reigne of our ſovereyn lorde kyng Henry the eight."

Allowe in recompenſ hereof yerly x^{li}. † Richard Rych

On the diſſolution of the monaſteries, the above patent wa produced before the court of augmentation in Michaelmas term, 20 Oct. An. 29. Hen. viii. when the ſame was allowe by the chancellor and counſel of the ſaid court, and all th profits confirmed to the incumbent ſir George Lancaſter; ex cepting that in compenſation for the annual ſtipend of twenty marks, he was to receive a ſtipend of ten marks, and to have free chapel called the Rood Chapel, and the hoſpital of St Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the county of Cumberland.

After the peruſal of the above patent it will perhaps b needleſs to caution the reader againſt a miſtake, ſome have fall en into; of confounding this Hermitage near Warkworth with a chantry founded within the town itſelf, by Nicholas d Farnham, biſhop of Durham, in the reign of Henry iii. wh appropriated the church of Brankeſton for the maintenanc there of two benedictine monks from Durham.‡ That ſmal monaſtic foundation is indeed called a cell by biſhop Tanner:‖

* Sic ms. † So the ms. The above ſir Richard Rych wa chancellor of the augmentations at the ſuppreſſion of the mo [illegible]. ‡ Ang. Sacr. p. 738. ‖ Mon. Ang. p. 396.

but he muſt be very ignorant indeed, who ſuppoſes that by the word cell is neceſſarily to be underſtood a Hermitage whereas it was commonly applied to any ſmall conventual eſtabliſhment which was dependant on another.

As for the chapel belonging to this endowment of biſhop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in ſeveral old ſurveys of queen Elizabeth's time; and its ſcite, not far from Warkworth church, is ſtill remembered. But that there was never more than one prieſt maintained, at one and the ſame time, within the Hermitage, is plainly proved (if any further proof is wanting) by the following extract from a ſurvey of Warkworth, made in the year 1567,* viz.

" There is in the parke, (ſc. of Warkworth) alſo one howſe hewyn within one cragge, which is called the Hermitage chapel: in the ſame ther haith bene one preaſt keaped, which did ſuch godlye ſervices as that tyme was uſed and celebrated. The mantion howſe (ſc. the ſmall building adjoining to the cragg) ys nowe in decaye: the cloſes that apperteined to the ſaid chantrie is occupied to his lordſhip's uſe."

* By Geo. Clarkſon, penes Duc. North.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

HERMITAGE OF WARKWORTH.

An extract of a letter from Newcastle upon Tyne, dated the 6th of September, 1771.

* * * * * * I SHALL now, in compliance with your requeſt, attempt to give you a deſcription of the ruins of the ancient hermitage at Warkworth, which the very intereſting ballad lately publiſhed on that ſubject, excited in me ſo great a deſire to ſee.

As I went from Newcaſtle, I quitted the great northern road at a ſmall village called Felton, (which ſtands about mid-way between Morpeth and Alnwick) and had a moſt romantic ride for the moſt part down a beautiful rocky vale, worne by the current of the river Coquet, which afforded a ſucceſſion of very picturesque ſcenes.

I was much pleaſed with the ſituation of Warkworth itſelf, particularly with the caſtle, which, although in ruins, is a fine monument of ancient grandeur, being one of the proud fortreſſes, which heretofore belonged to the noble houſe of Percy, and from them deſcended to the preſent duke and ducheſs of Northumberland; who, together with the princely poſſeſſions, have inherited the generoſity and magnificence *of that* great family.

Warkworth Caſtle deſerves itſelf a particular deſcription: I ſhall, therefore, at preſent only obſerve, that it is very boldly ſituate on an eminence, and overlooks the river Coquet, where it diſcharges its waters into the ſea, and almoſt waſhes an iſland of the ſame name; which, from its circular form, eaſy diſtance from the ſhore, and a little antique tower, the remains of a ſmall monaſtic edifice erected upon it, is a moſt beautiful object ſeen from every part of the coaſt.

From the caſtle we aſcended not more than half a mile up the river, before we came to the hermitage; which is probably the beſt preſerved and moſt intire now remaining in theſe kingdoms. It ſtill contains three apartments, all of them hollowed in the ſolid rock, and hanging over the river in the moſt picturesque manner imaginable, with a covering of ancient hoary trees, reliques of the venerable woods, in which this fine ſolitude was anciently embowered.

As the hermitage with all its ſtriking peculiarities, is very exactly deſcribed in the ballad of the Hermit of Warkworth, I might be content to tranſcribe the deſcriptive part of that poem: but as you have inſiſted upon me relating to you what I ſaw myſelf, I ſhall endeavour to obey you.

The cave contains three apartments; which, by way of diſtinction, I will venture to call the chapel, ſacriſty, and anti-chapel. Of theſe, the chapel is very intire and perfect: but the two others have ſuffered by the falling down of the rock at the weſt end. By this accident a beautiful pillar, which formerly ſtood between theſe two apartments, and gave an elegant finiſhing to this end of the ſacred vaults, was, within the memory of old people, deſtroyed.

The chapel is not more than eighteen feet long, nor more than ſeven and a half in width and heighth; but is modelled and executed in a very beautiful ſtyle of Gothic architecture. The ſides are ornamented with neat octagon pillars, all cut in the

ſolid rock; which branch off into the cieling, and forming little pointed arches, terminate in groins. At the eaſt end is a handſome plain altar, to which the prieſt aſcended by two ſteps; theſe, in the courſe of ages, have been much worn away through the ſoft yielding nature of the ſtone. Behind the altar is a little nich, which probably received the crucifix, or the pix. Over this nich is ſtill ſeen the faint outline of a glory.

On the north ſide of the altar is a very beautiful Gothic window, executed like all the reſt, in the living rock. This window tranſmitted light from the chapel to the ſacriſty; or what elſe ſhall we call it, being a plain oblong room which ran parallel with the chapel, ſomewhat longer than it, but not ſo wide. At the eaſt end of this apartment are ſtill ſeen the remains of an altar, at which maſs was occaſionally ſung, as well as in the chapel. Between it and the chapel is a ſquare perforation, with ſome appearance of bars, or a lattice, thro' which the hermit might attend confeſſion, or behold the elevation of the hoſt without entering the chapel. Near this perforation is a neat door-caſe opening into the chapel out of this ſide-room or ſacriſty, which contains a benching cut in the rock, whence is ſeen a moſt beautiful view up the river, finely over-hung with woods. Over the door-caſe, within the chapel, is carved a ſmall neat ſcutcheon, with all the emblems of the paſſion, ſc. the croſs, the crown of thorns, the nails, the ſpear and the ſpunge.

On the ſouth ſide of the altar is another window, and below it a neat cenotaph, or tomb, ornamented with three human figures elegantly cut in the rock. The principal figure repreſents a lady lying along, ſtill very intire and perfect: over her breaſt hovers, what probably was an angel, but much defaced: and at her feet is a warrior erect, and perhaps originally in a praying poſture; but he is likewiſe mutilated by time. At

her feet is alſo a rude ſculpture of a bull's or ox's head; which the editor of the ballad not unreaſonably conjectures to have been the lady's creſt. This was, as he obſerves, the creſt of the Widdrington family, whoſe caſtle is but five miles from this hermitage. It was alſo the ancient creſt of the Nevilles, and of one or two other families in the north.

On the ſame ſide is another door-caſe, and near it an excavation to contain the holy water. Over both the door-caſes are ſtill ſeen the traces of letters, veſtiges of two ancient inſcriptions; but ſo much defaced as to be at preſent illegible. I muſt refer you to the poem for a further account of them.

This door opens into a little veſtibule, containing two ſquare niches, in which the hermit ſat to contemplate; and his view from hence was well calculated to inſpire meditation. He looked down upon the river, which waſhes the foot of the hermitage, and glides away in a conſtant murmuring lapſe; and he might thence have taken occaſion, like the author of the Night Thoughts, to remind ſome young thoughtleſs viſitant,

" Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a ſtream,
For ever changing, unperceived the change.
In the ſame ſtream none ever bath'd him twice;
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.

We call the ſtream the ſame, the ſame we think
Our life, tho' ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the ſea.

Over the inner door, within the veſtibule, hangs another ſcutcheon with ſome ſculpture, which we took for the repreſentation of a gauntlet; perhaps it was the founder's arms or creſt. On the outward face of the rock, near the ſmall veſtibule above-mentioned, is a winding ſtair-caſe, cut alſo in the

living ſtone, and leading through a neat, arched door-caſe in the ſame, up to the top of the cliff which joins the level of the antient park; and here was planted the hermit's orchard. This has long ſince been deſtroyed; but cherry trees, propagated from his plantations, are ſtill ſcattered over the neighbouring thicket. His garden was below, at the foot of the hill, as we were informed; and indeed ſome ſtraggling flowers, and one little ſolitary gooſeberry buſh, which ſtill grows out of a cleft in the rock, confirm the tradition.

As all the apartments above-deſcribed ſeem to have been appropriated to ſacred uſes, you will naturally enquire where was the dwelling of the hermit, or at leaſt of his ſucceſſors? this was a ſmall ſquare building, erected at the foot of the cliff, that contains the chapel. It conſiſted of one ſingle dwelling-room, with a bed-chamber over it; and a ſmall kitchen adjoining; which is now fallen in and covered with earth; but the ruins of the oven ſtill mark its ſituation, and ſhew that ſome of the inhabitants of this hermitage did not always diſlike good chear.

This little building, erected below the chapel, being compoſed of materials brought together by human hands, has long ſince gone to ruin: whereas the walls of the chapel itſelf, being as old as the world, will, if not purpoſely deſtroyed, probably laſt as long as it, and continue to amuſe the lateſt poſterity. It gave me particular pleaſure to obſerve, that the preſent noble proprietors have thought this curioſity not unworthy their attention, and have therefore beſtowed a proper care to have it kept clean and neat; have cleared the hermit's path, which was choaked up, by the river's ſide; have reſtored his well, (a ſmall bubbling fountain of clear water, which iſſues from the adjoining rock;) and have renewed the wood by new plantations at the top of the cliff, where the trees had been thinned or deſtroyed by time.

In this delightful ſolitude, ſo beautiful in itſelf, and ſo venerable for its antiquity, you will judge with what pleaſure I peruſed the very amuſing and intereſting tale of the Hermit of Warkworth: having the whole ſcene before me, and fancying I was preſent at the hermit's tender relation.

And this leads me to your laſt query; what foundation the author of the poem had for his ſtory, which he gives as founded on truth? By all the inquiries I could make in the neighbourhood, it is the received tradition, that the founder of this hermitage was one of the Bertram family, who were anciently lords of Bothal Caſtle, and had great poſſeſſions in this county. He is alſo thought to be the ſame Bertram, who having built Brinkburn Abbey, and Brinkſhaugh chapel higher up the river, at laſt retired to end his life in this ſequeſtered valley. But the Editor has given reaſons, why he thinks the Hermitage was founded at a later period than thoſe buildings, by another of the ſame name and family. It is alſo the univerſal tradition that he impoſed his penance upon himſelf to expiate the murder of his brother. As for the lady, I could not find that any thing particular is remembered concerning her; but the elegant ſculpture of her figure on the tomb, and the creſt at her feet, ſeem ſufficiently to warrant the ſtory of the ballad.

The old record of the endowment of this Hermitage by the Percy family, which the Editor has printed at the end of his Poem, is a curioſity very ſingular in its kind. When I peruſed it, I could not help ſmiling at the article of the *Trinity draught of fiſh*, to be taken oppoſite to the chapel, which was to be the hermit's perquiſite every Sunday. It was, I aſſure you, no contemptible perquiſite: for there is a very rich ſalmon-fiſhery in this river belonging to the Duke and Ducheſs of Northumberland; and I was told, that at one ſingle draught,

this ſummer, more than three hundred fiſh had been taken oppoſite to the Hermitage.*

I ſhall conclude my long, tedious deſcription with a ſtanza from Spenſer; which, if you will pardon a few alterations, will give you a pretty exact picture of the place.

" A little lonely Hermitage there ſtood
" Down in a dale, hard by a river's ſide,
" Beneath a moſſy cliff, o'erhung with wood;
" And in the living rock, there cloſe beſide,

" A holy chapel, entering we deſcried;
" Wherein the hermit duly wont to ſay
" His lonely prayers, each morn and even tide:
" Thereby the cryſtal ſtream did gently play,
" Which thro' the woody vale came rolling down alway."

* *I have been aſſured, that more than four hundred fiſh, chiefly ſalmon, ſalmon-trouts, and gilts, have been taken at one draught between the Hermitage and the ſea, which is about two miles diſtant.*

HARDYKNUTE.

AS "there is more than reason to suspect, that most of the beauties of this Poem are of modern date," it has been deemed prudent to alter its difficult and affected orthography. In doing this, however, no liberty has been taken with the sense; and such words as would not bend to modern usage, have been allowed to stand in their original form, and are thrown into a glossary at the conclusion.

Of its history, "the following particulars may be depended upon. One Mrs Wardlaw, whose maiden-name was Halket (aunt of the late sir Peter Halket of Pit-ferran in Scotland, who was killed in America along with general Bradock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she

produced the three last beginning with " Loud and chill *&c." which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (now Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first edition, which came out in folio about the year* 1720.—*This account is transmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he hath been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the* ORPHEUS CALIDONIUS, 1733, 2 *vols.* 8*vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy: before ever Mrs Wardlaw's copy was heard of.*

HARDYKNUTE.

A

SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

STATELY stept he east the way,
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest.
He lived, when Britain's breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle woe:
And aye his sword told to their cost
He was their deadly foe.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With halls and towers on height,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodged many a knight.
His dame so peerless once and fair,
For chaste and beauty deemed,
No marrow had in all the land,
Save Eleanor the queen.

Full thirteen sons to him she bore,
All men of valour stout;
In bloody fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives but doubt;
Four yet remain, long may they live
To stand by liege and land:
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

Great love they bore to Fairly fair,
Their sister soft and dear,
Her girdle shewed her middle gimp,
And golden glist her hair.
What woeful woe her beauty bred!
Woeful to young and old,
Woeful I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever told.

The king of Norse in summer tide,
Puffed up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle,
With many a hardy knight.
The tidings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat to dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the blood-red wine.

" To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your foes stand on the strand,
Full twenty-thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands."
" Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,"
Our good king rose and cried,
A trustier beast in all the land
A Scots king never seyd.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
Who lives on hill so high,
To draw his sword, the dread of foes,
And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
" Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute
And rid your king from harm."

Then red red grew his dark brown cheeks,
So did his dark brown brow;
His looks were keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do.
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And given five sounds so shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
So loud rang ilka hill.

His sons, in manly sport and glee,
Had past their summer's morn,
When loud down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quoth they, ne'er sounds in peace,
We have some sport to bide,
And soon they hied them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

" Late late yestrene I weened in peace
To end my lengthen'd life,
My age might well excuse my arm
From manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
Its ne'er be said of Hardyknute
He feared to fight or fall.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot so leil,
Many a comely countenance
They've turned to deadly pale.
Broad Thomas, take you but your lance,
You need no weapons mair,
If you fight wi't, as you fought once
'Gainst Westmorland's fierce heir.

" Malcolm, light of foot as stag,
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and harnessing,
My blade of metal clear.
If foes kenned but the hand it bore,
They soon had fled for fear.

" Farewell my dame, so peerless good,"
(And took her by the hand,)
" Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty famed:
My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
So fast your painted bowers."

And first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her bodice green,
Her silken cords of twirled twist,
Well plat with silver sheen;
And apron set with many a dice
Of needle work so rare,
Wove by no hand, as you may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden o'er moor and moss,
O'er hills, and many a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight,
Making a heavy moan:
" Here must I lie, here must I die,
By treachery's false guiles;
Witless I was that e'er gave faith
To wicked woman's smiles."

" Sir knight, if you were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er kenned deadly hate;
Herself would watch you all the day,
Her maids in dead of night;
And Fairly fair your heart would cheer,
As she stands in your sight.

" Arise young knight, and mount your steed,
Full lowns the shining day:
Choose from my menzie whom you please
To lead you on the way."
With smileless look, and visage wan,
The wounded knight replied,
" Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I must abide.

To me no after day nor night,
Can e'er be sweet or fair,
But soon, beneath some dropping tree,
Cold death shall end my care."
With him no pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strong,
Strove courteously in vain.

Syne he has gone far hind attowre
Lord Chattan's land so wide;
That Lord a worthy wight was aye,
When foes his courage seyed:
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts ruled Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimed the princely maid,
When he saved Pictish crown.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reached a rising height,
Where broad encamped on the dale,
Norse' menzie lay in sight.
" Yonder my valiant sons and fierce,
Our raging rovers wait,
On the unconquered Scottish sword
To try with us their fate.

Make orisons to him that saved
  Our souls upon the rood;
Syne bravely show your veins are filled
  With Caledonian blood."
Then forth he drew his trusty glaive,
  While thousands all around
Drawn from their sheaths glanced in the sun,
  And loud the bugles sound.

To join his king adown the hill
  In haste his march he made,
While, playing pibrochs, minstrels meet
  Afore him stately strode.
" Thrice welcome, valiant stoup of war,
  Thy nation's shield and pride;
Thy king no reason has to fear
  When thou art by his side."

When bows were bent and darts were thrown,
  For throng scarce could they fly,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
  The arrows dart the trie.
Long did they rage and fight full fierce,
  With little skaith to man,
But bloody, bloody was the field,
  Or that long day was done.

The king of Scots, that seldom bruiked
The war that looked like play,
Drew his broad sword, and broke his bow,
Since bows seemed but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay, " Mine I'll keep
I wot it's bled a score."
Haste up my merry men, cried the king,
As he rode on before.

The king of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense the fight,
But on his forehead there did light,
A sharp, unsonsy shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow keen,
O woeful chance! there pinned his hand
In midst between his ene.

" Revenge, revenge, cried Rothsay's heir
Your mail-coat shall nought bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart:"
Then sent it through his side.
Another arrow well he marked,
It pierced his neck in twa,
His hands then quit the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa'.

" Sore bleeds my liege, sore, sore, he bleeds!"
Again, with might, he drew,
And gesture dread, his sturdy bow,
Fast the broad arrow flew:
Woe to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now queen Elgreid,
Hie dames to wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

" Take off, take off his costly jupe
(Of gold well was it twined,
Knit like the fowler's net through which
His steely harness shined)
Take, Norse, that gift from me, and bid
Him 'venge the blood it bears;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure no weapon fears."

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,
Broad shoulder and arms strong,
Cried " Where is Hardyknute so famed,
And feared at Britain's throne.
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
I soon shall make him wail,
That e'er my sword was made so sharp,
So soft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart could not bide,
It lent him youthful might:
" I'm Hardyknute, this day," he cried,
" To Scotland's king I hecht,
" To lay thee low, as horse's hoof,
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first stroke e'er he struck,
He garred his body bleed.

Norse eyes, like grey goshawk's, stared wild,
He sighed with shame and spite;
" Disgraced is now my far-famed arm,
That left thee power to strike:"
Then gave his head a blow so fell,
It made him down to stoop,
As low as he to ladies used
In courtly guise to lout.

Full soon he raised his bent body,
His blow he marvelled sair,
Since blows till then on him but darrd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norse ferliet too as sore as he,
To see his stately look,
So soon as e'er he struck a foe,
So soon his life he took.

Where, like a fire to hether set,
Bold Thomas did advance,
A sturdy foe, with look enraged,
Up towards him did prance;
He spurred his steed through thickest ranks,
The hardy youth to quell,
Who stood unmoved at his approach,
His fury to repel.

"That short, brown shaft, so meanly trimmed,
Looks like poor Scotland's gear,
But dreadful seems the rusty point!"
And loud he laughed in jeer.
"Oft Briton's blood has dimmed its shine;
This point cut short their vaunt:"
Syne pierced the boist'rous, bearded cheek,
No time he took to taunt.

Short while he in his saddle swung,
His stirrup was no stay,
So feeble hung his unbent knee
Sure token he was fey:
Swith one the hardened clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud;
But Thomas looked not as he lay
All weltering in his blood.

With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rode he north the plain:
His seim in throng of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same;
Not yet his heart dames dimpled cheek,
Could meise soft love to brook,
Till vengeful Anne returned his scorn,
Then languid grew his look.

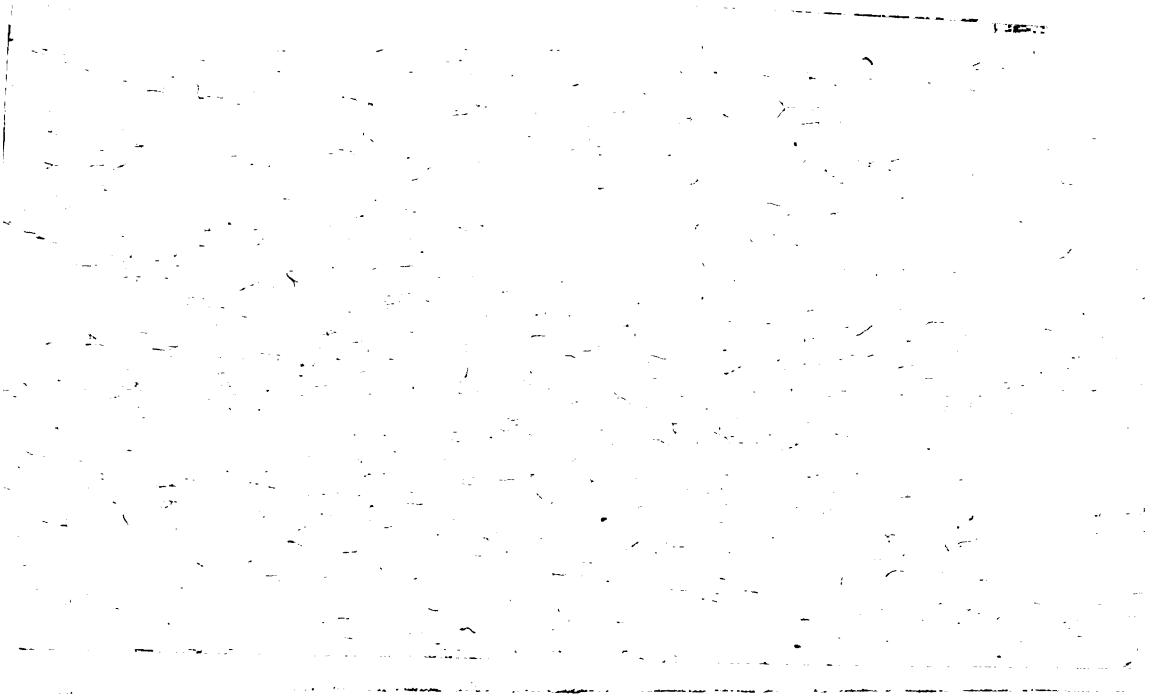
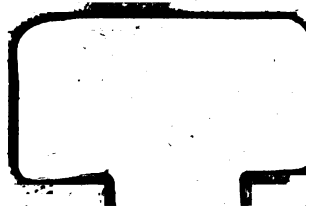
In throes of death, with wallowit cheek,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corpse of warriors lay,
Ne'er to arise again;
Ne'er to return to native land,
No more with blithsome sounds
To boast the glories of the day,
And shew their shining wounds.

On Norway's coast the widow'd dame
May wash the rocks with tears,
May long look o'er the shipless seas
Before her mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;
Thy lord lies in the clay;
The valiant Scots no revers thole
To carry life away.

Lie. s. lee. *field, plain.*
Lowns. s. *blazes.*
Lowte, lout. *bow, stoop.*
Marrow. s. *equal.*
Meid. s. *mood.*
Meise. s. *soften, reduce, mitigate.*
Mense the faucht. s. *measure the battle.* To give to mense, *is, to give above the measure.* Twelve and one to the mense, *is common with children in their play.*
Menzie. s. meany. *retinue, company.*
Mickle. *much, great.*
Mirke. s. *dark, black.*
Norse. s. *Norway.*
Pibrochs. s. *Highland wartunes.*
Revers. s. *robbers, pirates.*
Seyd. s. *saw.*
Shene. *shining.*
Skaith, scath. *harm, mischief.*
Stalwart. *stout.*
Swith. *quickly, instantly.*
Syne. s. *then.*
Thole; tholed. *suffer; suffered.*
Thud. *noise of a fall.*
Trie. s. tre, *tree.*
Unsonsie. s. *unlucky, unfortunate.*
Wallowit. s. *faded, withered.*
Wan neir. s *drew near.*
Ward. s. *watch, sentinel.*

FINIS.

Akenhead & Sons,
Printers, Newcastle.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